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September 3, 1946.

Mr. Leo Camp,  
Palo Alto, Calif.

Dear Mr. Camp:

I have completed reading your thesis very carefully twice, and am ready to return it to you or forward it wherever you may direct.

I wish to say first that I have enjoyed reading this paper. It indicates a great amount of reading and that you have given much thought to the subject. It is, to say the least, very interesting.

I have not attempted to convey my ideas by writing in the margins as you suggested. Most of my comments would be too broad for that. So far as short mathematical steps and statements are concerned I find nothing seriously wrong in the places where you are using strictly mathematical reasoning. Perhaps that is all that you intended me to comment on. But so far as the general trend of your argument is concerned, that is another matter. I shall point out in a general way the points in which I disagree with you. I shall not wish to go further with this, for I doubt whether anything I say will change your views. I have had much correspondence with some who are still trying to prove, in one way or another, the Fifth Postulate. I realize that you are not trying to do this in the restricted sense, and you appear to know much more about the problem than others that I have written to.

I am inclined to believe that Euclid needs no defense at all, certainly not against geometers, even modern ones. As you gather from my book, we think that what he did was, considering the time, first rate and remarkably fine. I have pointed this out in many cases. Whether the Fifth Postulate was his own or not, at any rate he chose it and it seems to have been the best choice to have made. If his work was lacking in finish, so for that matter was the original presentation of calculus. I think that if Euclid were living today he would be quite delighted with the modern presentations, with their foundations, of his geometry.

Your distinction of Euclidean Geometry as real and demonstrative against the non-Euclidean Geometries as dialectical will not, I think convince a mathematician, at least not me. One geometry is no more real to a mathematician than another; they

are all the same thing fundamentally, and each one as demonstrative as another. Perhaps there are philosophers who are willing to recognize certain things as self-evident; I would not know about that. But surely not all of them, and certainly no student of pure mathematics.

It appears that all of your conclusions rest on your notion of "straight" and "straightness". Every time you come to a ticklish point you appeal to the idea of straightness to include anything that happens to be lacking at the moment. If you can define straightness, you should set down to begin with exactly what it means - not vaguely, but first, second, third, etc., until you have the entire idea rounded out except for logical consequences of the ten or twelve characteristics you name. You, though not clearly or satisfactorily, define straightness so that it carries with it Euclid's Postulate. What comes out is Euclidean Geometry; you get out of it just what you put in. To me the lines of the classical non-Euclidean Geometries are as straight as those of Euclidean. You are pretty sure that you know what straightness is. Are all philosophers that sure?

Any mathematician will find your paper interesting, but I think I am safe in saying that he will not be impressed. From this viewpoint I should then regard your paper as not very important. But I can not speak for the philosophers. Perhaps there is much here that is philosophically important; indeed I am inclined to think that there are things to be discussed here among philosophers. Whether you will get anywhere, I have my doubts.

Finally, I have one mild suggestion which I hope you will accept in the spirit in which it is offered. It might be well not to be so cocksure and wind up your paper as though you for the first time have actually solved an ancient riddle. It does no good to speak of buzz and confusion among your opponents. Such statements suggest a feeling of weakness on your own part. In several places you do this, and wipe out the argument of your opponent with a brush of the elbow by merely saying it is not true.

Let me say again that I shall not be inclined to argue these things with you. In the first place it would be too difficult to do by correspondence. Even if we were able to get together and talk, I think the discussion would be interesting but futile.

It has been a real pleasure to read your paper and I regard it as a distinct honor that you have wished me to look at it. I look forward in the hope that sometime I may meet you. In the meantime you have my very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

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Harold E. Wolfe

Remarques soumises à M. De Koninck  
sur la dissertation de M. Sean Burke.

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Si l'objet du présent travail doit constituer une analyse et une critique de la philosophie de Gilbert Ryle dans son livre intitulé: Concept of Mind, avec l'intention implicite de réfuter toute l'école des philosophes positivistes anglais contemporains, je suis d'avis que quelques remarques doivent être faites sur la "thèse" du travail présenté, de même que sur l'ordre suivi et la méthode employée par l'auteur.

Il m'est d'abord apparu que la "thèse" du travail présenté comprenait deux conclusions principales que les trois derniers chapitres, en particulier, devaient servir à démontrer, à savoir:

a) que la "philosophie" détruite par Ryle (et les autres positivistes) n'est que celle qui peut se ramener au mythe de Descartes;

b) que pour être logique avec lui-même, Ryle devrait aller jusqu'à un matérialisme intégral, ou revenir à une certaine forme d'aristotélisme. (Début du chapitre 8)

Ces deux points pourraient sans doute être démontrés à profit, (ce dont je ne suis pas malheureusement en mesure de juger personnellement), à condition toutefois de présenter clairement la position de Ryle, d'une part, et la position d'Aristote, d'autre part, sur le problème de la connaissance. Nulle part n'ai-je trouvé une preuve systématique de cette double "thèse"; pas plus

du reste que je n'ai trouvé d'exposé "clair" de la doctrine de Ryle ou de celle d'Aristote sur le problème de la connaissance. Il faut peut-être en blâmer l'ordre suivi et la méthode employée par l'auteur.

L'ordre, le nombre et l'importance respective des chapitres, en effet, m'ont causé certaines difficultés. Le dernier chapitre (de 34 pages), qui contient l'analyse du livre de Ryle, est précédé de ce qui devrait constituer des "praesupposita", d'abord historiques (5 chapitres et 81 pages), et ensuite doctrinaux (2 chapitres et 14 pages). Le travail, cependant, donne une toute autre impression générale: il semble n'y avoir aucun lien spécial entre les divers chapitres, qui examinent, chacun à leur tour, ce qui paraît être posé comme un point particulier indépendant des autres. Le dernier chapitre, en particulier, ne contient aucune référence aux sept premiers et la critique qu'on y trouve ne me semble rien de plus qu'une répétition, peut-être un peu plus détaillée, d'observations déjà faites dans les chapitres précédents. A tout événement, si les sept premiers chapitres devaient servir à jeter les bases de la critique faite au dernier chapitre, la première partie, constituée des cinq premiers chapitres, me paraît beaucoup trop longue, et d'autant plus qu'elle contient déjà une analyse du positivisme et de sa méthode et, par conséquent, de nombreuses répétitions à propos de chaque auteur mentionné. La deuxième partie, constituée des chapitres 6 et 7, est par contre à mon avis de beaucoup trop courte pour y exposer de façon satisfaisante une doctrine aussi difficile, et d'autant plus que cette partie du travail est la seule qui pourrait permettre de passer un jugement de valeur sur le positivisme de Ryle.



C'est sans doute la méthode employée par l'auteur qui est la cause des déficiences que j'ai cru devoir signaler jusqu'ici.

L'auteur nous avertit que: "The Thomist refutation of logical positivism consists in pointing out internal inadequacies and inconsistencies in this philosophy, and in demonstrating that while it attempts to eliminate all metaphysics, it really substitutes an empirical metaphysics of its own..." (page 7) L'auteur interprète ce principe de façon très étroite.

A mon sens, la critique de la doctrine d'un auteur doit contenir un jugement qu'il n'en est pas tel que cet auteur le dit. Ceci implique d'abord un exposé de cette doctrine dans son contexte historique, exposé qui doit être aussi une explication de cette doctrine pour l'auditeur ou le lecteur auquel on s'adresse.

Un tel jugement, d'autre part, implique une preuve. Cette preuve peut d'abord être une argumentation "ad hominem" par laquelle l'auteur est mis en contradiction avec lui-même. Ce genre d'argumentation attaque la conséquence de l'exposé de l'auteur critiqué en adoptant ses principes et sa méthode. Mais elle ne peut jamais constituer une preuve de la fausseté du conséquent, puisque le vrai peut suivre du faux par accident.

Un jugement sur le conséquent implique donc aussi la destruction des principes mêmes qui sont proposés par l'auteur critiqué, ce qui ne peut être fait qu'en recourant à la déduction à l'impossible et en déterminant de la vérité.

Or, il me semble que toute la critique du présent travail ne dépasse guère le ton de l'argumentation purement "ad hominem",

dont l'exemple le moins heureux se retrouve sans doute dans le chapitre 4, où l'argumentation prend une teinte rhétorique de fort mauvais goût. Un essai d'établir la vérité, dans les chapitres 6 et 7, semble même superflu dans le ton général du travail. Cet exposé, de toutes façons, est beaucoup trop sommaire, ne va pas aux sources et contient des inexactitudes sinon de véritables erreurs, (par exemple, l'auteur y confond les idées d'universel et de classe). En résumé, la méthode employée par l'auteur donne l'impression d'une répétition continuelle des mêmes affirmations du commencement à la fin.

Enfin, il m'a semblé que l'auteur n'a pas su décider s'il devait écrire pour le lecteur formé à l'école scolastique ou celui formé à l'école positiviste. Il procède toujours comme si les mots avaient tout-à-fait la même signification et pour l'un et pour l'autre dans sa paraphrase des auteurs qu'il cite.

Il me semble donc, en conclusion, que ce travail demande à être remanié considérablement: la méthode et l'expression choisies, en effet, me semblent ne pouvoir produire en définitive qu'une critique, et par conséquent, qu'une "thèse" très faible.

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Le 3 janvier 1955.

Professor Goetz A. Briefs,  
4, Kenilworth Drive,  
Chevy Chase, Maryland,  
U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Briefs,

Thank you for your very prompt reply to John Warren's request. He was a good student here, with an unfortunate, not to say miserable, literary background. On this point I had to restrain my recommendation to the Ford Foundation.

My wife tells me that she still owes you a letter and feels most embarrassed about it. Boepka (which is her current name) used to be a first rate correspondent - it was a great help to her inhibited husband. Ever since our first half dozen, things have changed somewhat in this regard. But she has been trying to get someone who could be of help in your ménage; it turns out - as we know from our local friends - to be near as difficult here as in the States. In fact Mr. Richard Pattee, who has been here for near four years, succeeded only recently, and then it is not a French canadian, but a German girl who arrived here but a few weeks ago. A friend of ours in Montreal, a highly paid program-director of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, was without help for years until, thanks to the Canad. Immigr. Authorities, he obtained the services of a German couple who are doing very well; but they insisted on having their own quarters outside the home, which means that he has to pay them wages we could never afford. This may be of sociological interest : Bertha, who has been with us for 17 years, has had her own apartment in town since 1953. The woman who comes daily to do the cleaning (Bertha takes care of the little ones) has all her meals at home with us, and still is paid \$150. per month. You can see why I'm working on a text-book : Only

a causa per accidens could get me to do a thing like that. To try to explain all this is no doubt the main reason why Boepka has been so slow to reply.

I don't know whether you have been told of this, but Mr. Kolnai is doing his last year at Laval. They had become so unhappy with both climate and people, so bitter and outspoken in their criticism of French Canada in general, that the situation had become intolerable. His departure is none of my doing. I have tried for years to make working conditions as suitable to him as possible : only two lectures per week at full salary. Though not a teacher, he is a valuable man. Ever since his course was made optional, he has had only a half dozen students. Too many had complained that they never knew what he was talking about, for the simple reason that he never finishes a sentence. Even the few who appreciate him, such as my son Thomas, must in the end rely on his published writings to follow him at all. Under such conditions, the criticisms he voiced were not very helpful, and the authorities decided that they could not afford to support him.

For the things he does know, I think no less well of him and hope he gets a job in a milieu more to his liking. If you know of any possibility, I would gladly suggest it to him. He is now a Canadian citizen, and I don't know whether a Ford Foundation Scholarship would be available to him. He could certainly do very well in the field of Soviet studies, which Mr. Warren has chosen.

Personally, I never expected Kolnai and his wife to stay on as long as they have, inasmuch as anything like a Heimat would be against their second nature. There is little we can do about that, but I remain convinced that we should try to make the best of him.

I have finished the first draft of an article on "La concupiscence déréglée comme puissance sociale," to point out that our inordinate appetites are the factual and inevitable basis of the economic order. The mere fact that the majority of men follow their passions, against the good of reason, provides a constant which makes the conduct of the multitude predictable (cf. St. Thomas, Ia Pars, q. 115, a. 4, ad 3.), and a kind of scientific principle. This social constant embraces the majority of the wealthy as well as of the proletariat, leading naturally, to an unceasing tension. It brings us face to face with a state of affairs that cannot be

radically changed, as the prudent politician has always known : it is a handicap, a conflict which he must try to assuage as best he can. "Scientific" socialism, which aims to destroy the political order as such, as Lenin expressly states (The State and the Revolution), puts its very faith in this constant of human frailty as a social power of revolt, etc. etc. If you are interested in this subject, and if you have the time, I would like to send you my MS before giving it to the printer. Your criticisms and suggestions would surely prove most helpful.

Miss Lincoln tells us that you are doing splendidly in your new foyer, and we are always happy to hear it. I hope that in the course of this new year we shall be able to have you with us again for a series of lectures. Father Dionne has become one of your enthusiastic supporters since he was with you at Natalie's some two years ago. If he and I had our way, you would receive an irresistible offer to be with us annually for at least one semester.

With respectful best wishes to Madame, I remain

Yours most cordially.

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Charles De Koninck

Rev. R. E. Brennan O.P.

Good evening, dear Friends:

Today, Friday, October 25, has been most interesting. I'm continuing my tramps about Oxford, with Fr. Gervase Mathew as guide. Father is one of our Dominicans and a professor at Oxford, lecturing in medieval history. He is an ideal man to explain all the relics being an expert in such matters. His brother, like himself, is an historian. He is also an archbishop; and at the present moment is Apostolic Delegate to Africa. Fr. Gervase took me to Bodleian Library and recommended my name as a reader. This means that I shall always have the privilege of going into the library getting any books or manuscripts that I may want, and spending all the time I wish in the reading rooms. Fr. Gervase is a graduate of Balliol College here, the same that educated the great Hilaire Belloc. Then we went again into St. Mary's Church; and he told me that Newman himself designed the pulpit from which he preached his immortal sermons. Our next stop was at the King's Palace, which is the home of the Catholic chaplain at Oxford. Here, sitting before a comfortable fire in an open fireplace, we had tea. This particular house is located on property that once belonged to the Dominicans, back in 1246. Then on to Campion Hall which is the Jesuit foundation at Oxford, made famous by Father Martindale and Fr. D'Arcy. Here I saw the school books which Edmund Campion used. Campion, as you probably know, was a great English Jesuit who was martyred for the faith several centuries ago. While at the Hall, we saw several price-less relics of the old Jesuits; and I had in my hand a letter written by Cardinal Newman to one of the fathers. It looked as fresh as though it had been written yesterday. It just occurs to me to mention that most of the fathers about here wear the famous Oxford grey, rather than the black, when they go out walking. The clear weather continues, though it is quite cold. Soon I shall be setting out on a tour of England and Scotland which will occupy most of three weeks. The great advantage for me is that we have Dominicans located in most of the strategic areas; so that I shall have a place to stay.

Saturday, October 26th. I woke up to find it raining hard outside. But life goes on just as merrily at Oxford. Today I visited St. Michael's Church which is one of the best examples in England of old Saxon architecture. Its watch tower was a defense against the enemy before the time of William the Conqueror who, if my memory serves me right, landed in England in 1066. My companion on the walk was one of the Dominican novices here who was born in Africa and came to London when he was six. He took me for a walk into the outskirts of Oxford, along the old canal. When we got back to the town, we had tea and then went on for another visit to Newman's St. Mary Church. This is the third time I have been in the Church; but my purpose today was to accomplish a plan which I thought of some time ago. I have already mentioned that the pulpit in this Church was designed by Newman himself. Here he stood and preached his famous UNIVERSITY SERMONS, which are considered among the most beautiful of all his pulpit pieces and sound the battle cry of the tremor important Oxford Movement. My plan was a climb into the pulpit to stand on the very spot where the famous UNIVERSITY SERMONS delivered. Today, I was finally able to achieve my goal. No

was in the Church except the caretaker and he didn't mind. So up I went to the top looking down over the imaginary audience of university dons who faced Newman when he spoke, spreading my arms on the flat top as Newman must have done. In doing so, I was also looking down on the spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were cited when they were accused of heretical teaching in 1554. It was over a hundred years ago that Newman was Anglican vicar of this Church which is known, in its full title, as St. Mary the Virgin. In our walk this afternoon, we also visited Worcester College, built where Gloucester Hall once stood, as far back as 1283. It has a delightful garden and a lake of its own. Thomas de Quincey studied here. It is not far from Blackfriars, our Dominican Convent, which is located on St. Giles St. In the month of September, an annual Pleasure Fair is held on St. Giles Street, and traffic through this part of the world is cut off. I should mention too that Oxford is really a crossroads for this part of England. The heart of the city is at Carfax Street, Carfax being the old French "quatre fours" of four corners of a crossroad.

Sunday, October 27th, feast of Christ the King! In the afternoon, I took a walk which carried me over Magdalen Bridge, one of the loveliest of spots for securing an all-round view of Oxford. My destination was the Church of St. Edmund and St. Frideswide, one of the two Catholic Churches in Oxford — for parishioners, of course, since there are several religious houses here. I was interested in St. Frideswide, because she is the patron saint of Oxford. She is also generally considered as the founder of the city, since her monastery was built on the present site of Oxford. She was born in 650 and died in 735. St. Edmund was also born about 6 miles from Oxford. This was in 1180. He went to school here, became a great scholar, and was finally made Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1240. The present Church of St. Edmund and St. Frideswide is a beautiful stone structure, in charge of the Franciscans. When I arrived at the Church, I found the Blessed Sacrament exposed; so I said my office of Christ the King and a few prayers for all my friends, and then walked back to Blackfriars. It's ten o'clock at night and I've just had a peek out of my cell window at the Swan. She is winging her way industriously towards the northwest. This constellation is my favorite. It is known, by its Latin name, as Cygnus, and more popularly, as the Northern Cross. I love to watch it at this time of the year. If you follow its beautiful flight across the heavens, you will find that it looks something like this: O-8---o. The large O represents the large star DENEB. But the interesting thing is that, by Christmas Eve, when it comes to set, it will look like this: O just the position of an erect cross. I'll be in Ireland o-o-o Christmas Eve; so if any of you are watching the stars - with me, you will see the swan setting quite early, and its - cross-like form will be standing up straight. o

Tuesday, October 29. Today was a clear and beautiful day; so another of the fathers and myself planned a bicycle ride. It was gorgeous, sailing along in the crisp autumn sunshine. The roads are excellent here for this sort of thing, and cycling is a pleasure that requires only one caution: we must travel lefthand instead of righthand. I recall having a close shave in Hongkong once, when I was coming down a hill on the lefthand side of the road. There, as here, traffic moves in an opposite way to our own. But, to come back to our jaunt

into the country: today the objective was a little village called ISLIP. It was in the nature of a pilgrimage for me, since Islip is famous as the birthplace of good Saint Edward, my patron. He was born and baptized in the pleasant town of Islip in 1004, and was the last of the Saxon kings. He died in 1066, the year that William the Conqueror arrived on the shores of England. I shall visit his tomb in Westminster Abbey when I go up to London.

Wednesday, October 30. In the morning the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Msgr. Griffin, arrived in Oxford to attend the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of Campion Hall, the Jesuit Hall at Oxford. I had a good place in the sanctuary and was very close to the Cardinal. Ronald Knox, the well known English writer, was preacher for the occasion. In the afternoon, I left Oxford for Cambridge. The trip by train was through a lovely rural section of England. A lay brother met me at the station and took me to our Dominican house in Cambridge, where Fr. Thomas Gilby is superior. After a good supper, we sat around the fire in the common room and chatted about this and that. Since the convent was full, I had diggings in a very comfortable little house close by.

Thursday, October 31. HALLOWE'EN. After Mass in our chapel, I set out to see some of the University. First, the library, which is the center of modern Cambridge. Then the King's College, perhaps the finest Gothic structure in any English university. The name of St. John Fisher is closely associated with this college; but it was finally taken over by Henry VIII, he of the numerous wives, and converted into an Anglican Church. Then, on to Immanuel College which is on the site of the old Dominican convent of Cambridge. The dates of our history, both here and in Oxford, are very interesting. Thus the Dominicans came to Cambridge in 1238, and were expelled in 1538; and returned to Cambridge in 1938. They came to Oxford in 1221; were expelled about the same time as the Cambridge Dominicans; and returned to Oxford in 1921. So that there is just 700 years difference in our two advents to the great English universities. The name of this town comes from the great bridge which spanned the river Cam: hence Cambridge. I should mention that the river is pronounced as though it rhymed with the word "ham" — whereas Cambridge has the pronunciation we give it in America. But coming back to Immanuel College, this is the school which John Harvard attended, the founder of Harvard University. Just as John Harvard lived on the ground over which the Dominicans walked for many a century, and ate in what was once the chapel of our convent, so, perhaps the Dominicans of the future date will be located in the great university which John Harvard established in another Cambridge, far off from his native land. Harvard, as you recollect, was a Puritan divine; and Cambridge University, in his day, was a center of Puritanism. I dwell at some length on Immanuel College, Harvard's Alma Mater, because of its association with the Dominicans in the 13th and succeeding centuries. Here, as in Oxford, all the old colleges were founded by Catholics. To name a few, King's, Claire, Trinity, Immanuel, St. John's, Magdalen, Christ's, Jesus, Corpus Christi, and so forth.



Friday, November 1, All Saints! and a very rainy day. I said Mass at 8:30 and then had nice crispy bacon for breakfast. It was a treat, especially on a Friday; but there is no fasting in England and very little meat with which to break the fast. Later in the morning, I strolled down town. My objective was to buy a seal of Immanuel College, and I finally succeeded in getting a hand-painted one for 25 shillings. The seal is a blue lion rampant. I want it, not as a souvenir of Immanuel, but as a memorial of the days when the Dominicans were flourishing here on the beautiful grounds that Immanuel now occupies. Last you may think that I am too partial to the history of the Order here, I should like to mention that we have had a Dominican as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. This was in 1383; and the Dominican's name was John Bromyard.

Saturday, November 2. Today I left Cambridge. On the way to the station, I stopped at the Catholic parish church to see an interesting statue. It seems that when certain repairs were being made at Immanuel College, the statue was found and immediately recognized as having belonged to the old Dominican Convent, back in the 15th century. Since the College authorities were not Catholic, they generously decided to turn the statue over to the only Catholic Church in Cambridge. This was before the Dominicans returned to Cambridge in 1938; so that the only precious relic in the University which belonged to the old Dominicans is now in the hands of the local parish priest; and of course he merely chuckles at the idea of giving it back to the Dominicans. But perhaps some day it will be ours again. The statue is said to be the best thing of its sort in the whole University. It is known as Our Lady of Cambridge. It is dark brown in color, and represents the Blessed Virgin with the Infant at her breast. I breathed a prayer before it and then hurried on to the station. From Cambridge I took the train to Peterboro. On the way, we passed by Ely which contains one of the best cathedrals in England. All nature was enveloped in a heavy mist so that I was able to see very little. At Peterboro I changed for a little village where one of our Fathers met me and whirled me off to the Blackfriars school at Laxton. That's where I am at present. The school is for boys and is situated in the heart of a lively rolling country. In fact, the vista from my room is one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen, over waving meadows and across parks with ancient and stately trees. This is the sort of thing that I have always pictured as English country at its best. Laxton school was founded by the great Cardinal Howard, who belonged to the same family as Catherine Howard, one of Henry VIII's wives. The Howard family has always remained Catholic. Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador of the United States, was also a member of this distinguished family. The school came into existence around the middle of the 17th century (1660 or thereabouts). It was not always located here. This mansion, in fact, belonged to the Car-berrys, who were intimate friends of Thomas de Quincey. Several chapters of the Quincey's CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER were written in our library downstairs. The colors of the school are black, white, and red. The black and white are the Dominican colors; the red is Cardinal Howard's color. One of the fathers here who is quite well known in the States through his books is Gerald Vann.

He has been my guide and host since my arrival, digging up some lunch for me, and then taking me out to the rugby game which our boys were playing with one of the local schools. Then in to tea; after which I said some prayers and did some typing till supper time. The grounds about the school have splendid lawns and flowers still in bloom. One of the loveliest of species is the geranium, and it always reminds me of home; because Ohio is said to be the best geraniums producing state in the union. Most of the blooms here are a deep red. After supper, we went to the commons, which is also the father's library. It has a huge fireplace and several logs were blazing on the hearth. But the most unique thing in the room is the huge gramophone which is handmade. The acoustics of this machine are simply magnificent. The horn is raised up so high that one can stand under it; and its open end is 3 or 4 feet wide. Only fiber needles are used; and each needle is cut by a special device before it is put in the machine. When the music plays it is exactly as though the orchestra were in the room. The fathers have a large collection of the best records; so I selected two old favorites; Beethoven's 4th concerto, which I once heard Rubinstein play in a broadcast from Toronto; and Beethoven's 5th symphony. What pleasant memories these pieces brought back! The first public concert I attended in Montreal was at the closing of the University, in the beautiful amphitheatre of the U. of M., with Desiré Defauw conducting the Montreal orchestra in the Beethoven 5th. That was really my introduction to the great musical programmes of the Royal City. Now I am back in my pleasant room and ready to turn in for the night. So, cheerio, everybody!

Father Ed

Father Bob

## LAXTON, ENGLAND

Monday, November 4 - Laxton will always remain my ideal of British countryside at its best. Outside my window, the ivy is turning a deep red. I am facing southwest; and the rays of the setting sun, slanting through the trees, turn the leaves into beautiful greens, and reds, and russet browns. The hospitality of the fathers here, the charming landscape, the peace and quiet and gentle monastic order of Laxton, lying in the very heart of England the delicious and abundant food, superb roast beef and cream and butter which are so scarce in other parts of the country, the cosy common room with its fire of fragrant logs, the evenings enriched with the music of Beethoven and Haydn and Mozart and Brahms — all these and a thousand other delights of the Laxton School will remain always green in my memory! Tonight the sun went down like a ball of fire. But the Northamptonshire twilight is very long; so that I could read an hour after old Sol had gone to rest. The heavens were shaded in every hue of the rainbow, beginning with purple at the zenith and ranging through blue and green and yellow and orange and red. The swallows began playing a game of hide-and-seek; and the owls began hooting around the eaves of the house. It was a typical autumn evening. Then, of course, the stars began the gleam and glisten in the crispy fall air. Do you want to know what part of the heavens I could see from my window? Well, F. in Lima, would have to stand at the dining room window. R. and F. in Washington would have to go out in front and look over the valley. A. and R. in Maplewood would have to stand on the stoop in back; and the H. kiddies could see exactly what I saw here from the window near J.'s bed. A.S. in Yonkers, New York, would have to look from the living-room window out over the Hudson. A. and H. in Burlington would have to stand on the front porch and look towards the corner. J. in Milwaukee would have to go to the front of the house. The R. in Chicago would have to stand out in the street and look a bit towards the left. J. and M. in Montreal would have to go into the lane and look above the convent. From the roof of the College in Providence, one would have to look above Brennan's Oak. K. from the motherhouse in Columbus could stand at the entrance of Sansbury and look towards the Ark building. If all of you took the positions that I have indicated about five hours after I looked out of my window, you would have seen exactly the same constellations that I saw. And flying swiftly down towards the southwest you would have seen my favorite, THE SWAN. As I studied it, it was just beginning its flight over the Atlantic Ocean; and it makes the journey from here to the mid-west States, easily in five hours! What a speed! Imagine, from Laxton to Lima in five hours! If I could hang on to its tail, I should drop in to see all the folks I know along the way. Since this is impossible, I send my love to all of you on its swift wings. This is Tuesday Nov. 5th, as I write this; and as I peek once more out of my window at 6:45 P.M., I see the Swan swinging alone overhead. So I hook my package of good wishes on to his spreading tail and dispatch them by the quickest route I know to all my good friends in the States and Canada. It has been another lovely autumn day. I should tell you that English people never say Fall or Autumn. I've been resting and recuperating from a cold which I caught in Cambridge. I'm glad the cold is under control; but it was one of those inevitable things, with the change of climate, food, clothing and so forth.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th is quite damp and foggy, though there has been no rain. It will probably clear up before long. It just occurs to me that you would like to know how things differ between England and the States. For example, there is the language and the choice of words. Here one says "petrol" for gas, "wireless" for radio, "lift" for elevator, "schedule" (shed) instead of schedule (sked). When you come right down to it, I think that schedule should be pronounced in the English way, because that's the way it's spelt. One of the funniest words to the English, is "cookie". They don't get it at all, from our point of view. The other day at tea, there was a large cake on the table; and I was asked if I would have a piece of "cookie". I suppose the fathers wanted to make me feel more at home. The coffee generally speaking is abominably made in England; and of course there is no cream to go with it. All the milk is watered down to a chalky consistency. The only place I've seen real cream since my departure from America is here at Laxton where the fathers have cows on their estate. But even here they do not serve cream with coffee. This would be a terrible waste in the eyes of most Englishmen. Another matter of great difference is the money. There are no bills in England. Everything is NOTES. Thus one speaks of ten shilling note, a pound note, a ten pound note and so on. The coin of smallest value is the half penny, pronounced HAYPENNY with the accent on HAY. Then the penny. The plural of penny is "pence", so we have two pence, pronounced "tuppence", three pence called "thruppence" etc.

Thursday, Nov. 7th, a very foggy day. About three the sun came out. As I watched through my window, I see the boys walking singly up and down along the pathway, with their hands behind their backs. This seemed a most unusual thing to do, and not all like boys usually do. One of the fathers explained that it's a way of doing penance for some offence against the rules — talking in class, failing in a recitation, and so forth. The boys are divided, not into classes as in the States but into "forms". Thus one is said to be in the third form, or the fourth form, etc. When dusk came on, I had a glimpse of Altair and Vega; but they soon disappeared behind the heavy mists. After supper, I spent a couple of hours in the common room, playing Shubert's Unfinished Symphony, and two of Beethoven's; the Fifth my favorite and the Sixth, which is also known as the Pastoral Symphony. Then to bed. The boys can study music here if they want. A teacher comes in regularly. One of the pieces that I hear someone practising every day is Beethoven's Minuet in G! This particular "morceau" seems to be with me wherever I go. I learned it as a boy in Lima; played it at college in Baltimore; in the novitiate at Somerset; in the house of studies at D.C. and on the pianos of friends everywhere I've been since ordination: Washington D.C., Maplewood, N.J., Chicago, Ill., Lake Geneva, Burlington, Columbus Tacoma and in the far reaches of China, my towns of Foochow, Shanghai and Hongkong and at Montreal and Quebec, and now I hear it in England! We have two recordings of Beethoven's Fifth here at Laxton, but neither, I must confess, is as good as the one we had in dear old Montreal! In the afternoon I took a walk toward the woods that are on our property here. The huge oaks are magnificent. In the evening, I had the common room all to myself, and since this was my last night at Laxton, I decided to enjoy it to the

full. So I got out Beethoven's Fifth Concerto, which is also known as "the Emperor", and played it in the dark. At one end of the long room was the glowing fire of logs; at the other, with its large bay windows looking out on the lawns and park, was a flood of moonlight. The sky was clear; and I could see everything outside almost as plainly as at twilight. What a background against which to hear the music of the Fifth Concerto! When I finished I strolled out on the walk behind the school, to see the stars. On coming in, one of the fathers told me that another of Beethoven's symphonies, the Third or Heroica, was being played over the radio by The London Symphony, conducted by Bruno Walter, who has just arrived in this country for the winter season. When I go up to London I may have the good fortune of getting to one of his concerts. Well, I come to the end of my stay at Laxton. Originally, I had not intended to prolong my visit beyond a day or two; but the bad fortune of having a cold turned out into the good fortune of being able to stay a week in this most delightful of spots that I've seen in England to date. Tomorrow, I'm on my way to Scotland. But let's wait till the morrow before saying anything about it. So, for the time being, good night, gentle folks one and all!

Friday, Nov. 8th After Mass and breakfast I was off to Luffenham where I caught the train to Peterboro and exchanged for the Edinburgh special. If you consult your map of England and Scotland, you can follow the general route of the train. From Peterboro we went north, between Nottingham on the left and Lincoln on the right. This means that we travelled right through what was once Sherwood Forest, the scene of many of gay adventures of Robin Hood and his merry men of Lincoln. If you remember, these happy go lucky wayfares of the Sherwood Forest wore a particular colored garment which was known as Lincoln green. I'm not including good old Friar Luck, who is usually pictured in a brown Franciscan Habit. After an hour of fast travelling, we ran into showers which slowed us down a bit. About 2 P.M. we reached York; and I could see the famous York Cathedral very plainly from the train. We were at Darlington by 4. Shortly before here, we passed through a little town called Bradbury; and I thought of my two good friends in Bradbury Heights; Uncle Arthur Simpson and Aunt Nettie. By 5 we were skirting the edge of Durham which, with York and Lincoln, Canterbury and Westminster, shares the honor of having one of the oldest and most beautiful of the Middle Age Cathedrals. We were able to get a splendid view of Durham Cathedral as we ran by the town. Around 6, we were coming into Newcastle, passing over the river Tyne. The train runs at a great height over the river; and looking down the Tyne towards the sea, I could see the full moon rising in all its glory. From this point on until we reach Edinburgh, we shall be travelling along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. So let's light up an Old Gold and watch the moon glimmering over the sea. As I sit by the window and gaze out, I can also see another old friend, rising out of the rolling waves: Capella! It's good to find these companions of my wanderings about the globe, still up there in the heavens above, following their appointed times and routes, year after year. We are now in Scotland, in what is known as the East Lothian Country. Our route lies between the Atlantic, on our right, and the Lammermoor Hills, on our left. You recall that Sir Walter Scott called one of his novels THE BRIDE

OF LAMMERMOOR. But the Scotch say Lammermuir and who does not remember the famous sextet from Lucia De Lammermoor? But to get on with our journey: I had both lunch and dinner on board train, not to mention tea. The food was excellent and well cooked. For tea there was an almond fruit cake, the like of which I've never tasted. Just as we were eating dinner, around 7, I should say, the train headed northwest, along the Fifth or Fourth, by 8 we were in Edinburgh. There is a special atmosphere of good cheer and benevolence about this old Scotch City which is not found anywhere else in Great Britain. One notices immediately the difference in language. Here the bur-r-r-r is much in evidence. Generally known as being the most beautiful city in the United Kingdom, Edinburgh.....I quite agree, so far as a judgment is permissible to a newcomer like myself. It is built on hills, and this is an advantage at once. I walked from the station to the Fathers' House on George Square. There was a very cordial welcome as usual; and I was shown to my room, which is perched high on a hill, a room with a window that looks out over the city in a southwestern direction.

Saturday, Nov. 9th I said Mass in the lovely chapel here which is used by the Catholic students of the University of Edinburgh and cared for by one of our Dominican Fathers who is the official Catholic chaplain of the University. After Mass I went out to look about a bit; but my time was limited since I had to go to the food board in order to get coupons for food and clothing. There was no difficulty when I presented my American passport. It seems that the American troops in Scotland made a very good impression on the Scotch people by their generosity and good humor. Now I am benefitting by all this. Everywhere when people learn that I am an American, they seem to go out of their way to be kind and courteous. With a batch of coupons in my pocket, I did a little shopping, among other things, buying a Tartan rug or shawl to use in my travels through the north. A Tartan, with the Scotch, is a particular design of cloth. Each clan has its own tartan; but not being Scotch, I just picked out the one that I thought was nicest and most Scotch-looking. It turned out to be the tartan of the Clan of McLean. So if any of yourselves have Scotch friends of that name, you can tell them that one Irishman, of the Clan of O'Brennan is using a tartan of the Clan of McLean. When I got back to our little convent and had tea, I came up to my room to do some writing; and whom should I run into, with a room next to mine, but Msgr. Ronald Knox, whom I mentioned before as having preached at Oxford when the Cardinal was there. Well I must stop my diary for the moment, to answer some letters that I just received from America, so till tomorrow, and with the best wishes for AULD LANG SYNE.....

Sunday, Nov. 10th turned out to be a beautiful autumn day. Along towards dusk, I strolled out for a walk up to Queen Mary's Castle. It is perched on top of one of the huge hills of rock on which Edinburgh is built. After climbing steps and steps and steps, I finally reached the top. The castle was once occupied by Mary, Queen of the Scots, who was born in 1542. Mary, as we all read in our history books, had a very turbulent life, being finally put to death by Queen Elizabeth, her cousin, in 1567. Her castle, here in Edinburgh, contains many relics of her. It is built with a huge

most around it, has a drawbridge to its main entry (the only entry) which is lifted every night, thus shutting the castle off from the rest of the world, exactly as in the Middle Ages. Since it was a clear day, with a flaming sunset at 4, I decided to go up to the castle after tea, so that I could watch the stars come out. As it happened, I was in rare good luck. I had the whole place practically to myself. One by one heaven's tiny silver lamps began to light up, in the sky, as they must have lighted up when Queen Mary stood on these same ramparts nearly 400 years ago! There were all my favorites: Capella, Vega, Deneb, Altair, the north star, the Dipper and at the end of its handle Arcturus, the little Dipper with Kochob which told Columbus the time of night as he was crossing the sea; Cassiopeia, the Dragon, Cepheus, and the rest. And as I looked to the northeast, there was the moon coming up in dusky red splendor. I'm sure that poor Queen Mary saw all these things many times from this magnificent height, set high above the old regal city of Edinburgh. As I paced back and forth in front of the drawbridge, saying my rosary, I breathed a prayer for her soul; for surely she made her mistakes and infolded herself in many entanglements that finally brought about her ruin. She was a Stuart, a woman with romantic blood in her veins, having both the good and bad qualities of the royal house of Stuart, generous, impetuous, capturing the imagination and heart of the Scottish people who loved her despite her many failings, a Queen of many parts and with a splendid education which she received at the Court of France, a poetess of no small merit. In this respect, she was like her cousin Elizabeth, who was also one of the most intelligent women of her time..... The house next door to ours here in George Square, was once occupied by the great novelist, Sir Walter Scott. He has scratched his name on one of the window panes. Sunday is a great day for walking in Edinburgh.....I saw hundredths of people hurrying off to the Kirks to hear the Dominie preach, or tramping off to the Braes (hills) to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air..... There are about 15 golf courses here in Edinburgh alone. The national pasttime, which is said to have originated with the Scotch, is in danger of dying out.....The memory of Sir Walter Scott and Bobbie Burns are kept green with fitting monuments here. When will there be a fitting similar shrine for that other classic figure of modern English literature, Robert Louis Stevenson? Things I miss since leaving America are: eggs, milk, white bread, warm houses, hot water, the Sunday funnies.....The sun went down at exactly 4 today which means we are drawing close to the winter solstice..... Scottish terriers are in evidence everywhere here in Edinburgh.

Monday, Nov. 11th, the feast of St. Martin, who divided his cloak with a beggar. In French, a cloak is called a "chape"; and a special little room was built by one of the French kings to safeguard St. Martin's "chape"; hence, they say, the word "chapelle" from which we get our "chapel". Today, I set out to visit the spot on which the Dominican convent stood some 500 years ago. But we came to Edinburgh in 1230, which was over 700 years ago!..... There is a little street which runs off the site of our Old Convent called BLACKFRIARS. I was standing on this street this afternoon. Now our property, which we lost when the Friars were dispersed in 1560, is occupied for the most part by the physics department of the University of Edinburgh. Here is what one of the non-Catholic historians has to say about the Dominicans of this City:



"During the long period of 330 years (from 1230 to 1560) our local Blackfriars sounded the diapason of the Christian religion in the public streets of our city; and it may be asserted that it was largely upon their religions and ethical teaching that the social fabric of these stormy days was supported."

The Dominicans re-opened their convent here in Edinburgh about 10 or 15 years ago. Of course it's just a small house, and not in the same location we had in 1230. When I decided to visit the site of our old priory, I put on my habit and tucked it securely under my coat (greatcoat).....then I went down and walked over the hallowed ground that was once ours, 700 years ago. It is just possible that this is the first time anyone wearing a Dominican habit has passed over our ancient property since the Dominicans left it in 1560.

Tuesday, Nov. 12th - A brisk wind blowing around the eaves and whistling down the chimney! We had a spell of rain which was followed by sunshine.....just a few yards away from our convent is LISTER HALL. The medical school of Edinburgh is one of the best in Europe. The great Lister established a tradition here which has never died out. He applied the principles of Pasteur and was one of humanity's grand benefactors. "Listerine" is named after him.....Robert Louis Stevenson was born here in Edinburgh in 1850.....his house still stands, in HOWARD PLACE, not far from George Square where I am staying. There was a garden attached to his birthplace, in which he played as a boy, and which he has immortalized in a CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.....speaking of children, they seem to be all over the place. And such friendly little tots! They play about the street long after dark, and no one seems to mind their being outside. Apparently, everyone loves the children and they are perfectly safe. As with children the world over, they like to draw things on the sidewalks and walls. Some of the signs are very funny, for example JACK LOVES ANNIE, SANDY LOVES ANNIE, ANNIE IS DAFT (Annie is the most popular name here as far as I can see. We have one here in the house, a little housemaid from the country, and her name is Annie Beveridge).....Tomorrow I shall be on my way to Inverness, way way up north of Scotland. Here I shall hide away for a few days and get all my XMAS MAIL done. So, for the nonce and asking Ye to Bide a Wee Before I Take Up My Diary Again, As Always,

FR. ED.

FR. Bob



*W. DeKunick*  
Good afternoon, gentlest! This is SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1946. It is a day of rest at Oxford, as elsewhere in the world at large. Looking out of my little cell window, I see that it is raining, a soft downpour, with the feel of spring in the air. This may seem a surprising thing to say, but spring is much earlier in England and Ireland than in Canada and the northern parts of the States. I have just been leisurely glancing through the pages of "Dear Diary" for 1946. Would you like to hear how I have spent other Sundays in this year of grace? Well, last Sunday, I was in Edinburgh with the Dominican Fathers. Three Sundays ago, I was at Lorton, Northamptonshire, in our boys' school. Four Sundays ago, I was at Oxford. Five Sundays ago, I was on board the Aquitania, ploughing through the waves of the blue Atlantic. Six Sundays ago, I was in Montreal, with the Fathers, the Irévosts, and all my other good friends there. Ten Sundays ago, I was at Albertus Magnus College, with the Dominican Sisters, New Haven. Twelve Sundays ago, I was in Maplewood, with the Neus and the Happs. Thirteen Sundays ago, I was in Yonkers New York, with Aggie Schaefer Shay and her brood. Fourteen Sundays ago, I was in Washington, with the Cahills, Lionel Lantry, and the O'Sullivan's. Fifteen Sundays ago, I was in Lima, with Peg, and all my other relatives, benefactors, and friends there. (Time out for tea and scones. As I look outside again, I notice the sun is going down in a golden haze in the west.) Eighteen Sundays ago, I was in Columbus with Kate, at St. Mary of the Springs. Twenty-one Sundays ago, I was with Al and the family at Burlington Wisconsin. Twenty-two Sundays ago, I was in Chicago, with the Reimanns. Twenty-five Sundays ago, I gave First Holy Communion to the two little Pattys in Lima: Patricia Brennan and Patricia Stippich. Twenty-seven Sundays ago, I was with Kate in Pittsburg. It was her birthday (not saying how many years!) Twenty-eight Sundays ago, I was again in Maplewood, with my jolly friends there. Thirty-one Sundays ago was Roster. I celebrated it at Providence College. Thirty-two Sundays ago, I was in Montreal, chez mes grands amis, la-bas. Thirty-five Sundays ago, I was in Quebec City with the DeKonincks, teaching my little friend Godelieve how to play "chopsticks". Thirty-nine Sundays ago, I was in Washington, calling on my good friends there. Forty Sundays ago, I was in Lima, where I had been since Christmas time, working on the latest book. So you see, dear gentles, why the log book reads nearly 15,000 miles of travelling since February of this year when I left Lima on my way back to Montreal. I haven't counted or mentioned the side trips that also run up into mileage in the course of a year.....

MONDAY, November 25th - the feast of Saint Catherine. Remember "la tire de Ste.Catherine" all ye gentle folk of Canada, the taffy-pulling, the children going about with rosy cheeks bulging out with mouthfuls of the delicacy which is given them in honor of Ste.Catherine! And way off in Lima, Peg is celebrating her birthday. The weather is beautiful in Oxford just now. After dinner, I went shopping with one of the fathers; then we boarded the bus to WOODSTOCK. It's only ten miles away, so quick as a cat can wink her eye we were there. First to the Bear Hotel for tea; then for a walk about the village. This is a very old place, dating back to the time of the Saxons. In the 9th century, there was a residence and hunting lodge here for the royalty; and Woodstock was a favorite haunt with kings and queens down to the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, who spent many a summer in the neighborhood, getting away from the heat and noise of London. Nowadays, Woodstock is the family seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, founded by John Churchill who was the first duke by that title. Their place of residence is called Blenheim Palace, after the famous victory which John Churchill won over the armies of Louis XIV of France. John was made a duke in reward for his brilliant military triumphs; and the Churchills have lived here ever since. Winston is a cousin to the present occupants of Blenheim Palace; and he used to come here quite often during the war. The present Duchess of Marlborough is a Catholic. The

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grounds about the palace are lovely; and father and I were able to get in a walk about the parks. We strolled for miles and miles, watching the sun go down and the stars come out. What a magnificent evening to see the constellations, buried as we were in the remote corners of Allenheim Palace! Our brisk walk whetted the appetite to a keen edge; so that when we got back to the Bear Hotel, we were ready to eat, you may be sure. But first we sat a bit in the lounge and had an appetitive before the blazing fireplace. I wrote a few cards; and then we were called to supper. It was a delicious meal. The Bear Hotel is an old tavern that dates back to the 13th century. The beams in the lounge are black with age, as well they may be, having been laid about the time that Saint Dominic was founding his Order. This appears to be a favorite rendez-vous for the local gentry who come in to have a whiskey and soda and then a warm tasty supper. One would never think to find such a delicious and cosy and old-world place as the Bear Tavern in a rustic little village like Woodstock. It has a charm that could not be found in the big luxurious hotels of the large cities..... Since my return to Oxford last Friday, I've sent out 65 pieces of mail—letters and cards. And since my arrival in England on October 22nd, I've dispatched some 250 pieces in all. So you see, gentle, that I'm kept quite busy with my correspondence..... I've just packed and tied up my luggage. It is going ahead of me to Cook and Son, London. From that point it will be shipped to Dublin..... Strange how little news I get about events in the United States. The newspapers over here feature very little of what's transpiring in America. Ordinarily, if I were back home, I should have heard a few football games on the radio, especially the Notre Dame contests. I haven't heard one word of sports' news since arriving here; and though the football season is over or nearly over in the States, I haven't the remotest notion of how the games turned out..... Cabbage is as ubiquitous over here as potatoes. There is no meal in hotel or on railway that doesn't contain cabbage, in one shape or other on the regular menu. This should be a good preparation for Ireland where, unless I'm much mistaken, the royal family of cabbages is honored everywhere..... Yesterday I shopped at the Oxford University Press here for the latest edition of the Oxford Atlas. The few copies that were for sale were grabbed up at once; so that I shall have to wait some weeks before I can get my copy..... We still have beautiful chrysanthemums in our cloister garden. The leaves are now departed and the little buds that will turn into foliage next spring are already showing..... I left my slippers in Edinburgh and they cost me 8 precious coupons. But perhaps they will keep some good Scotchman's feet warm, so I don't mind. As you who know me well will note, I still leave things behind me.....

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27th was my last day at Oxford. It was a most happy and profitable stay. At noon, I went to hear Mr. C.S. Lewis lecture. He is the well-known author of THE SCRIBBLE LETTERS and other books. I had my copy of the SCRIBBLE LETTERS with me and it is now enriched by the autograph of Mr. Lewis..... By 3 o'clock I was on my way to London. The trip was uneventful, because of the rain. Arriving at Paddington Station around five, I took a taxi out to Haverstock Hill where the Dominican Priory is located. And this is London, humming, bustling, damp and foggy London.....

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28th I started out to see something of the city. One of the brothers was my guide. First we visited St. Paul's cathedral, which was bombed during the war. It is under repair at the moment. This is Christopher Wren's great masterpiece. It is also the burial place of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, and Wren himself..... Then to the site of the old Dominican Priory which gave the present names of Blackfriars

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Road and Blackfriars Bridge to this part of London. Also, by a curious piece of luck, we saw the site of the old Blackfriars Theatre where, centuries ago, the plays of Shakespeare were enacted.....Then to Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor of London is elected annually. The great Hall of Guildhall contains the famous "Gog and Magog" wooden figures.....Then to the old CHESHIRE CHEESE, in Fleet Street, which is much the same now as it was in the days when Doctor Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Boswell frequented it. We tried to get a table for dinner but they were all reserved. So we had a glass of beer in memory of the literary greats who sat around the fireplace here and went on to the Exchange, or the Change, as Dickens says in *MARLEY'S GHOST*, the banking district of London. The main feature here is the Bank of England, whose vaults are said to hold, as a rule, over 80,000,000 dollars in bullion.....Then to the DEVEREUX which is a tavern actually older than the CHESHIRE CHEESE. Here we had a delightful dinner, well-cooked. The DEVEREUX was a favorite meeting place for Balzac, Chesterton, and their friends. It is in the heart of the Temple District, the scene of the great law courts of England.....After dinner we visited the Temple Chapel which was almost completely destroyed by bombing. This is one of the oldest churches in London, having been built by and for the Knights Templar around 1170.....Then to the Record Office, where we saw the Domesday Book and letters and documents of various sorts, dating back several hundred years. One of the most interesting documents is the Pope's Bull, in which he describes Henry VIII as the "DEFENDER OF THE FAITH"!!! This finished the first day of travel.....Some comments here and there along the way: FLEET STREET in London was the first street to be numbered.....Having seen some of Dickens' London, I've begun my annual reading of *MARLEY'S GHOST*, thinking often of Lionel Barrymore who used to delight us at Christmas time with his wonderful radio broadcast. Remember where Scrooge says: "I'll retire to Bedlam." Well, Bedlam is an English form of the word "Bethlehem" and refers to the old hospital for the insane which was founded in London in the Middle Ages. We passed its site today.....While at the DEVEREUX TAVERN I noticed some lovely chrysanthemums on the table and managed to get a small one for my flower book.....The Bank of England is affectionately referred to, by the English as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." It is located, of course, on Threadneedle.....Saint Dominic's Church, where I am staying, has a pillar which was taken from the original Blackfriars' Church which was built in London around 1150.....King's Cross Station has an interesting history. When the wife of King Edward I died in northern England, the King had a cross erected at each spot where her body rested on its journey back to London.....The present railroad station, called King's Cross, is one of these spots.....I've just written a letter to the Director of the famous GREENWICH OBSERVATORY, asking for permission to go through the Observatory next Monday.....All the area around St. Paul's Cathedral was levelled by bombs. The devastation and ruins about London are frightful. Very little reconstruction work has been done as yet, except clearing away the rubble. Blackfriars Road is one of the largest and most historical streets in London. It runs over the Thames; hence the name Blackfriars Bridge.....Oliver Goldsmith is buried alongside the walls of Temple Church.....Middle Temple Hall, which we saw today, has a dais on which Shakespeare is said to have acted in his own play *TWELFTH NIGHT*.....The play was put on for the benefit of Good Queen Bess!! In the gardens of the Temple, the red and white roses grow that represented the houses of Lancaster and York. Remember the War of the Roses in your history books?.....London is a place rather than a city. It is so huge that it seems to lose its own identity. Imagine what it must have been like in a dim-out or a black-out!! The basements of many of the buildings that were destroyed by bombs were cleaned out and made into reservoirs, thus supplying handy water for the fires that broke out after a bombing.....I ride the double-deckers in London and can look about much better from the second story of the bus.....

**FRIDAY, November 29th** I had a lay-brother as my companion. In the afternoon we set off by bus for the NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY which is located on Trafalgar Square where the monument to Nelson is to be found. This gallery contains about 2,000 portraits of men and women famous in the history of England. Next door is the NATIONAL GALLERY which is without an equal anywhere in the world for the variety of schools of painting which are represented here. Of course, all these paintings are originals. One could spend months before these masterpieces, drinking in their beauty of composition and coloring. I had to content myself with a few hours..... For tea, ~~My~~ Brother and I went to the Charing Cross Hotel, which is another of those spots (mentioned yesterday) where the body of King Edward's wife rested on its journey to London. Another was Banbury Cross which is celebrated in the little Mother Goose rhyme.....In tramping about London, I've been in several streets and squares and parks that all of you have heard about in literature or song, such as Piccadilly, Leicester Square, Drury Lane, Hyde Park, the Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside....Do these names ring up any associations?.....When we started out today, the sun was shining beautifully. When we returned it was raining torrents. I haven't seen a star yet since my arrival in London Town.....While in the city today, we went to Albert Hall, to purchase tickets for the symphony next Friday afternoon. It will be an all-Beethoven. But more of that later.....In the NATIONAL GALLERY is the most magnificent Fra Angelico who, as you probably know, was a Dominican painter of the Middle Ages. But of all the pictures I saw, the one that gave me the sheerest physical delight was Van Dyck's CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. For pure exquisiteness, nothing surpasses Reynolds's AGE OF INNOCENCE.....They tell me that the portico entrance to the NATIONAL GALLERY, which faces immediately on Trafalgar Square and the Nelson monument, was a favorite gathering place for the American soldiers during the war.....The tall and usually handsome police of London are really striking figures, with their bowler hats and flowing capes.....Also, looking straight down from the NATIONAL GALLERY one can see BIG BEN, or the tower in which it is housed. You have all heard it ringing out cheerily over the radio.....Next Tuesday, the English Dominicans elect a new Provincial. The present Provincial, a convert and captain of the Oxford Boat crew in his day, has been called to Rome..... The weather, at the moment, is just like spring. I have seen little or no fog since coming to London, nor do I crave to see it.....

**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH** Feast of St. Andrew. The day began rather dull and misty but cleared up around noon. This is the best weather I've seen in London to date. In the afternoon, one of the lay brothers and I started for the city. Our objective, of all places, was MADAME TISSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM. It is certainly one of the show places of London. Here you find the most life-like models of all the famous and infamous people of the world. The kings of England, from the time of William the Conqueror, are exhibited in all their glory. I was disappointed that my patron, King Edward, was not shown; but he is too early, having died in the very year that William landed on the shores of England. Here, too, one can see all the murderers, rogues, and scoundrels of the last hundred years. There is one section called THE HOUSE OF HORRORS; and while it is not quite so bad as its name indicates, it does show some characters of ill-repute, husbands who did away with their wives, wives who wanted new green pastures to walk in, swindlers, thieves, and other unfortunates. Here one can witness the actual beheading of Mary Queen of the Scots, death masks of people who were "done in", men on racks and other instruments of torture. Here, also is Hitler and his gang, marvellously done, just like looking at the pests in the flesh....Well, all this was nice preparation for a hearty tea which we had at a nearby shop and enjoyed. Our next stop was Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey. We did not see much of the Abbey because of the late hour; but I shall return later



for a more leisurely inspection and shall make my pilgrimage to St. Edward who is buried in the Abbey.....Close by the Abbey is Parliament, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. At one end of the buildings is a tower in which BIG BEN ticks away the hours. My watch had stopped running, so we stood directly under BIG BEN and heard him boom out the hour of five. I set my watch as the bell struck.....We passed the spot where Tyburn Tree once stood. This was the scene of the execution of many criminals in the Middle Ages. It also witnessed the martyrdom of many religious in the 16th century — glorious men and women who have since been beatified and will probably be declared saints some day.....Other street of familiar name that we saw on our way were Scotland Yard and Baker Street made famous by the stories of Sherlock Holmes; Harley Street, the residence of fashionable physicians; and NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET, the offices of the Prime Minister. As I approached NUMBER 10, a bobbie or policeman, standing on the opposite side of the road, kept his eye closely peeled, and well he might, because I had an almost irresistible impulse to ring the brass doorbell and then run, like a lad on a Hallowe'en prank. As I watched the door, it opened and I saw clearly the interior, cosy and comfy looking, and I thought of red-cheeked and pink-skinned Winston Churchill. At one point in our journey, we skirted Hyde Park where the robust young men and women get up on boxes and harangue the public. I thought of the story Frank Sheed, the publisher, told me. He was preaching in the open once; and a few yards away was a young lady, doing the same. One by one his audience left him and went over to hear the young lady. He vowed then and there that he would get even with her; and he did, many years later. HE MARRIED HER. The young lady was none other than Maizie Ward. And now, together, they form the Catholic firm of Sheed and Ward, most excellent publishers.....Furn Street was also along our journey's route today. This is where the Jesuits are located; and such well-known men as Father Martinale and Father D'Arcy hold forth here.....In Hyde Park, one finds a very fashionable street known as ROTTEN ROW! Here all the gentry promenade on Sunday mornings. There is a lake in Hyde Park in which bathing is permitted up until 3 o'clock in the morning. What a boon this must be for the inebriated who are trying to work off a midnight spree!... Close to Buckingham Palace is St. James Palace which was once the residence of the kings but is only used now by the royalty for marriage ceremonies. It still gives the name COURT OF ST. JAMES to all the ambassadors of foreign countries.....The vestments that I used at Mass this morning are 15th century.....This evening, after supper, I took one of the brothers for a stroll to HAMSTEAD HEATH, famous for its fairs in days gone by. It was quiet and dark; and since the sky was fairly clear, I was able to point out most of the winter constellations to him. Orion was just rising, and the Twins were quite visible, together with the Box of Pegasus, Capella, the North Star and its five encircling constellations. Brother told me of the harrowing experiences of the war when he would stand at his window and watch the flying bombs (the DOODLE BUGS, as they called them) shoot by. One bomb dropped in front of the Church, and one behind it; but little damage was done to the Priory except the shattering of windows.....We had a gibbous moon tonight. It was lovely, watching it set behind the Parliament buildings as we stood on Westminster Bridge, over the Thames.....

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, the first Sunday of Advent. Today I heard the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. It was magnificent. The concert was given in Albert Hall, a large circular structure, so arranged that one can see everybody. There were thousands of people at the concert which was conducted by Louis Cohen, with Benedetti Michelangeli as piano soloist. The programme was entirely Beethoven, first, the FIRST SYMPHONY, then the FIFTH CONCERTO (also known as the EMPEROR CONCERTO), and finally the FIFTH SYMPHONY. It

was the most beautiful thing I have ever heard in my life and the flowing liquid piano music of Michelangeli, in the Concerto, was unforgettable. But the piece that brought back most memories, of course, was Beethoven's FIFTH. This, in my opinion, is the most exquisite piece of music ever written by the hand of man. Here, figured music has reached a peak which I don't think will ever be reached again. More particularly, Beethoven's FIFTH brought back the fondest memories of Montreal, where I heard it at the University (remember, Mrs. Heffernan and Rollende?) and then, many times later, at the home of the Prévosts. It was the last music that I heard in Montreal, as I sat in front of the fireplace with the Prévosts and the Germaines, sipping coffee and eating French croissants the morning of my departure. In fact, all the most pleasant experiences that I had during my years in Montreal, all the fine people I knew, all the delightful rendez-vous that I enjoyed with my friends in that part of the world — all these things seem to sum up for me in the inexpressibly beautiful music of Beethoven's FIFTH. You can imagine, then, how I felt as I sat in the spacious Albert Hall, with thousands of people about me, with the music lovers of London rapt up in the heavenly strains of a harmony which Beethoven created, but, tragically, could not himself hear because he was deaf! I shall always remember London and its Symphony Orchestra; and the highlight of that memory will be BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH.....When we came out of the theatre, it was raining again. So Brother and I boarded a bus and made for the KING OF THE HOTEL where we had had such a delightful tea the other day. Tonight we ate dinner there, and a lovely dinner it was. We also had occasion to ride the UNDERGROUND, and I must confess that it's far better here in London than the SUBWAY of New York. Here the stations are immaculately clean; and each subway has arm chairs that make riding easy and comfortable. On our way to Albert Hall, we went part way through KENSINGTON GARDEN. Here is the famous children's statue of PETER PAN.....

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2 I had the happiness of visiting WESTMINSTER ABBEY and the CHURCH OF ST. EDWARD which is located in the Abbey. St. Edward, who died in 1066 (the year that England had three kings, Edward, Harold who was defeated at Hastings, and William who won the battle of Hastings) re-built Westminster Abbey, so that its foundations go back quite some time before Edward. A good part of the Edwardian Abbey still remains. Westminster Abbey is rightly regarded as the most venerable part of the British Empire and the Valhalla of the English nation. It has been the place of coronation of every English king since the days of Edward the Confessor. St. Edward's Shrine also contains the famous STONE OF SCOTLAND, on which the sovereigns of England have been crowned for centuries; as well as the CORONATION CHAIR in which they sit when they receive the crown. In the Abbey are buried many of England's most distinguished men. POETS' CORNER is in the south transept; while the TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR is in the nave.....WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, which is Catholic, was opened in 1903. It is built of brick and stone; and when its interior decorations are completed, it will be one of the most beautiful buildings in existence. The mosaic work of OUR LADY'S CHURCH is particularly superb. The Cathedral is dedicated to the memory of ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, which is quite proper, I think. The unfortunate thing, of course, is the fact that the body of Saint Edward lies buried in WESTMINSTER ABBEY which is a center of the Anglican religion now. When I went into the Cathedral, a Forty Hours' Service was going on; and the canons attached to the Cathedral, were singing Vespers.....The reason that Westminster is called an Abbey goes back to the days of the pre-Reformation, when it belonged to the Benedictines.....Today, in walking about near our Priory, I noticed a sign on a shop: BRENNAN AND SON, with the same kind of hardware and fixtures that BRENNAN handles out in Burlington, Wisconsin. Attention, Al.....I have just received word that I have cousins, both at Oxford and

in London. The London branch of the family (ROWE, by name) have just got in touch with me and want me to spend some days with them. They live in a suburb of London, actually not far from our Dominican Convent... Stapple Inn, here in London, which has literary associations with Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens, is said to be the place where SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS stayed when he came to London to a general chapter in the 13th century.....The Dominican who went with me to see WESTMINSTER ABBEY is reputed to be one of the three or four men who know more about the ABBEY than anybody else in the world.....This morning I received a letter from my relatives here in London. The name is ROWE. The mother and father, with their son Michael, live in London; the daughter, who is married, lives at Oxford. Her husband is a pathologist at the University. In the evening, Michael called for me in his car and took me to spend the evening with his folks. We sat several hours about a cheery fireplace and traced our relationship. Mrs. Rowe comes from Ireland, so it is through her that I am connected with the family.....

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3 I visited THE TOWER. This is a collection of buildings which, from ancient times, has served as a fortress, a palace, and a prison. Perhaps no other place in London has so many interesting links with the past. The WHITE TOWER was built by William the Conqueror in 1066 as a fortress. It was added to by later monarchs. BELL TOWER is where Saint John Fisher and Saint Thomas More were confined. BLOODY TOWER is believed to be the scene of the murder of the two princes, Edward V and his brother the Duke of York, during the reign of Richard III. Here too Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, the same who gallantly spread his cloak for good Queen Bess to tread on. TOWER GREEN is the spot where the scaffold was erected. Here, among hundreds and hundreds of others, ANNE BOLYN and CATHERINE HOWARD, erstwhile wives of Henry VIII lost their heads and died. Another tower is pointed out as the place where BLANCKE BOYNE CAMPION was confined. Leading from the Tower over the Thames is TOWER BRIDGE. I walked over it, and as I stood in the middle, I could look down the river and see LONDON BRIDGE and SAINT PAUL'S. London Bridge is not falling down; neither is St. Paul's in ruins. I am thinking, of course, of that great tribute which the English writer MACAULAY paid our faith, declaring that the CHURCH OF ROME would still be standing "when some traveller from New Zealand shall take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's"..... Next, by bus, I went to Greenwich (pronounced grin-ish). Here, in the middle of the vast park, and standing on a hill, is the famous GREENWICH OBSERVATORY. I circled all about the Observatory, looking at all the things of interest to an astronomer. High above one of the buildings is a huge ball. It is called THE TIME BALL; and when it descends, at exactly one o'clock in the afternoon, GREENWICH TIME is transmitted to all parts of the world. Here, also is the imaginary line that begins all longitudes on your maps. At this point, we are standing at 0 degrees longitude. It was an ideal evening, the skies clear, and the first quarter moon was just beginning to appear as a mass of golden yellow light. The air was bracing; so I walked all about the Observatory before stopping at a little shop nearby for a cup of tea and some ginger bread... While at the Tower, I saw the great topcoat that GENERAL WOLFE was wearing and on which he was laid when he died at the Battle of Quebec, in 1759. This battle took place on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec City. I have stood on that very spot, in far-off Quebec. In fact, our Dominican Convent, on the Grande Allée, is now located on the old Plains of Abraham and looking out of the convent windows, one can see the statue erected to the memory of Wolfe, on the spot where he breathed his last. The French General, who was every bit as great a hero as Wolfe, was MONTGALM..... In one of the rooms at the Tower, I saw a small area called LITTLE HALL.

When confined in it, a man could neither stand up nor sit down. Here GUY FANKES spent many a day.....The election of a new head of the Dominicans in England was completed yesterday. Father Hilary Carpenter is the next Provincial.....I see by the morning papers that GARDNER is the new American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.....We are getting some real chilly weather now. Some years there is no snow at all in London; but the temperature is down and, in the English homes where there is so little central heating, one is actually colder than in America when the temperature is far below zero.....The best coffee in the English Province is made here at St. Dominic's.....Laundry is a problem. I have some Roman Collars that haven't been properly laundered since I left America. Incidentally, one usually says he is from AMERICA, over here. Whether you are from the United States or Canada doesn't seem to make much difference. The point is, you are from AMERICA.....Because tea is such a time-honored custom with the English, dinner in the evening is always much later than at home. Often the children's tea is their last meal of the day. In such cases, it is usually HIGH TEA, with something substantial added.....This time last year I was in LONDON, NEW JERSEY, on my way to Lima for the Christmas holidays. As one of the French fathers wrote in a letter once: "The times fly!".....Air mail is much more expensive from here to America than from America to England. A half ounce letter costs us 15 pence which is the equivalent of 30 cents American money. For you, the cost is only 15 cents. So we pay double! No fair deal, that.....And so, Gentles, good night and the Lord be with all of you.....

EDMUND, DEC. 4th I had a chance to re-visit the spot on which TYBURN TREE grew, where so many of our good Catholics were martyred in the 16th and 17th centuries. Afterwards, I went to TYBURN CHAPEL where a large number of the relics of these martyrs are preserved. The Benedictine Sisters have charge of the chapel. They come from MONTMARTRE in France, which means MOUNTAIN OF MARTYRS.....After tea, I went to see FATHER MARTIN D'ARCY, the well-known Jesuit. He is Provincial of the English Jesuits and a most charming man. He has been to the States many times.....The other evening, coming home from my relatives, the Howes, I passed through one of the London suburbs. Suddenly, Mr. Rowe stopped the car and pointed out a stone with an iron fence about it and an inscription on it. Here, tradition says, DICK WHITTINGTON sat when he resolved to run away from London. As he was resting on the stone, he heard the bells of London in the distance and they seemed to say: "Dick Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London." So Dick and his cat went back to London Town; and sure enough, his fortune turned (chiefly through his cat) and he rose from a poor beggar boy to be Lord Mayor.....I have a book of professions, here in our London Priory, which contains the written and signed vows of the Dominicans in ages past. Among the names, I found that of one DOMINIC FENWICK (pronounced fen-nick by the English), just a young man at the time of his profession. He later went to the States, founded the Dominican Order there about 1806, preached the gospel throughout the State of Ohio, founded St. Joseph's Church along with other Dominicans, the oldest church in Ohio, in 1818, and became the first bishop of Cincinnati. According to his entry in the book of profession, he was clothed March 26, 1788 and made vows in 1790 at the age of 22.....Tonight, there was another fine clear sky for seeing the moon and stars. One of the brothers went with me to the top of Hampstead Heath close by, overlooking the city of London. We had a splendid view of all the constellations, including Orion which was just rising.....As I write this, the beautiful clear bell in the belfry of our Church is tolling out the DE PROFUNDIS. It is 9.30 in the evening.....



Remember Dickens' CHRISTMAS CAROL: "If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the evil spirit's nose....." with the weather which they were having in London that Christmas Eve when Scrooge saw the ghost of Marley, "then he indeed (that is, the devil) would have roared to lusty purpose." St. Dunstan is an English saint who is supposed to have got hold of the devil's nose with a pair of tongs.....

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6th the feast of good old Saint Nick! In the afternoon I paid a visit to Roehampton, one of the suburbs of London. It turned out to be a lovely clear day. Roehampton is where the MADAMES OF THE SACRED HEART are located. It was for this community of sisters that I wrote my last book in America. The Mother who showed me about was very kind and courteous. The convent is one mass of ruins; yet the students and sisters struggle on, hoping to be able to build at some future date. For the time being, they will use barracks, such as the soldiers used during the war. The one venerable spot on the convent grounds which is most highly revered by the sisters was not damaged. This is the little chapel in which the body of Mother Janet Stuart is buried. MOTHER STUART died in 1914; and her process of canonization is being started. After a delicious tea served by one of the sisters, I left. As I came out of the convent, the moon was just rising. It was almost full. Roehampton is one of the most charming villages outside of London. They tell me that it is at its best in the Spring, to be sure.....On my way to Roehampton, I passed by WIMBLEDON. This is known to every sport-lover as the place where the international tennis matches are held.....Close by our convent here, in a curving street, stands a house with a white porch. In it KARL MARX lived during his sojourn in England.....On my journey today I also passed BROMPTON ORATORY. In front is the statue of CARDINAL NEWMAN who lived here for many years. The Oratory provides some of the best Church music heard in London.....Going down to London Town, I always pass through CAMDEN TOWN. This is the section of London in which BOB CRATCHIT lived, the father of TINY TIM.....I have spoken before of Leicester Square where we usually change busses or subways. The Prime Minister of England at the time that we Americans got our independence from England was LORD MELBURN. Because of his failure to hold on to the colonies, he was dubbed by his political enemies THE JERUIT OF LEICESTER SQUARE.....A bath robe is always called a dressing gown in England.....A slight correction: I said on a previous page that GRINICH is pronounced grin-ish. This is not quite so: rather it is pronounced GRIN-IDGE; in the same way WOOLWICH is pronounced WOOL-IDGE... The other day when I met the famous Jesuit, FATHER MARTIN D'ARCY, the first thing he asked was if I were an English or an American Dominican. He said that I spoke English like ~~xxx~~ an Englishman. Should I feel complimented?.....

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th My cousin, Michael Rowe, called for me at noon. First we went to the SPANISH INN off Leicester Square, where we had a superlative lunch. Then out to WIMBLEDON, a suburb of London, and the home of the Rowes. It is through Michael's mother that I am related. Michael's sister, Eileen, is married to one of the profs of Oxford; but I didn't have her address until I got to London, so I couldn't call on her. However, I met her husband while here. Everything that could be done WAS done to make my stay a happy and comfortable one while with the Rowes, with fires blazing on the hearths, delicious meals, even to the point of having my bed warmed with a hot-water bottle before I climbed in for the night. In short, I was made to feel like the long-lost relative of the family, and I was, for a fact, perfectly at home. The Rowes have been to Ireland hundreds of times. Mrs. Rowe having been born there so they have given me full instructions about all places and people, especially my relatives on the Brennan side, that I am to see when I

arrive on EMERALD ISLE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8th, feast of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, the Rows took me to their parish church where I said Mass. Then home to breakfast, and with the bacon sizzling in the pan and the bread toasting and the radio playing a merry tune, it really was just LIKE HOME. In the afternoon, Mr. Rows took me out to CROYDON. This is where the airport is located; but we didn't go there to see airships but to listen to a concerto of the ROYAL PHILHARMONIC, directed by Sir Thomas Beecham who has been many times to America. The programme was magnificent; and the highlight was Schubert FIFTH SYMPHONY. This particular piece was written when the composer was only 19 years old. It is often called THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY. As I sat listening, I was carried back in spirit to dear old WASHINGTON, D.C. where I once heard the United States Marines playing this particular number. The entire programme was as good as any music-lover could desire. There was one of Bach's Symphonies and one of Mozart's concertos. And the vivacious and graceful conducting of Sir Thomas Beecham was something to behold. The music seemed to come out of his finger tips.....Back to Barnet we went; then supper; then some prayers and some chatting by the fireside; then to bed. And a grand day it was.

MONDAY, December 9th The Rows drove me back to the convent; but not until I had a sumptuous breakfast of WALES BACON, cooked with mushrooms. They will take me in their car, Wednesday morning, when I depart for Dublin.....Barnet, where the Rows live, has been immortalized by Dickens in OLIVER TWIST. It was here that FACIN made contact with OLIVER. Sunday morning, Michael drove me to ALEXANDER HALL. It is high on a hill and presents one of the best views that can be had of London. During the blitz people used to go there to watch the city burning.....One evening, the Rows had old friends in, the Wallaces. Mrs. Wallace looks enough like GRANDMA FELLOWS, of Elmhurst, to be her sister. Attention, Al and Helen.....It is 9 in the evening and I have just come up from Benediction. As I stopped into my room, I saw a flood of light streaming through the window; and going over, to look out, there, beside the clock tower, was the FULL MOON, resplendent for the moment, and escaping from the clouds that were scudding by.....I mentioned WALES BACON, from some friend of the Rows, which we had for breakfast. The Welsh know the art of curing bacon. So, attention, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, living next door to us at home. You were born in Wales, and you must know a good piece of meat and a good rasher of bacon when you ~~xxxx~~ see one. I shall have breakfast with you some summer morning, out under the Rose of Sharon tree. But we must have mushrooms to go with it.....

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10th is my last day in London. I am packing and finishing up my correspondence. It's been a wonderful experience, visiting ~~STIFF~~ OLD ENGLAND. I shall long remember the kindness and the hospitality of the people of this country. The English are undergoing hardships and have really tightened their belts against the aftermath of the war, the food shortage, the severe rationing, the lack of ordinary comforts in life. All of us are colder than we should like to be and sometimes hungrier, especially from the sameness of the food. But all these things are taken with a smile, and one enjoys being in the company of people who can "stand the goff" and keep a "stiff upper lip". Thank the Lord, the children of England and Scotland have suffered the least; for all Britons were determined that their children would have plenty of food and clothing even though they themselves had to suffer for it. The little ones are fat and chubby and rosy-cheeked and apparently in the best of health; so all promises well for the next generation of Englishmen. And with this thought, I'll close "Dear Diary", wishing you all a HAPPY NEW YEAR. When you next hear from me I shall be on a different soil and talking of different people. Till then, ADIEU!

FR. ED. FR. BOB

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1946: to one and all, GREETINGS from the land of saints and scholars, from the sacred country of my ancestors, from the EMERALD ISLE, greetings! 'Tis true, I am on Irish soil at last, but so nobody will say as nay, I'm sure, if I want to dance a bit of a jig and sing a line or two from "All Praise to Saint Patrick". Yesterday, bright and early, the Rows called for me in London and took me to the station where I caught the IRISH MAIL. But first they stuffed my pockets with tea and other things which I brought with me for the relatives in Ireland. They have been most kind and generous; and I shall always think of the Rows with affection, hoping, too, to see them some again another day, perhaps here in Eire. We parted with good wishes on all sides; and I took my seat on the train which was to carry me to Holyhead. The trip was a fine jaunt, right through Wales. I had both breakfast and dinner on the train; and arrived at Holyhead about 2 in the afternoon. Here we went through the customs and got our passports adjusted; and then we boarded the good ship CAMBERIA which was to carry us across the Irish Sea to Dublin. The distance is not great, but the Irish Sea, like so many of the people of Ireland, isn't really high up on merry dance on occasions; and this was one of the occasions. The waves were white-capped and shipped up over the decks. But the CAMBERIA went straight on. I stood up on the prow of the ship and saw the sun go down. It was beautiful to see the waves, breaking into mist over the ship, and forming all the colors of the rainbow as the setting sun was reflected through them. As it grew dark the stars began to come out; and from the Irish Sea I saw the Big Dipper and the North Polar Star; Capella and the Box of Pegasus; Vega and Altair and, most glorious of all, the SWAN or Northern Cross. After a while, the lights from the shores of Ireland began to merge with the stars on the horizon; and about 6.30 we pulled into dock. Soon, I was on the train up to Dublin; and then, by horse and carriage, mind you, to the Priory. It was fun, jogging along behind Old Dobbin, and watching the lights and signs of the shops. After my toast and five eggs and some chatting with the Irish Dominicans I settled down to read my mail. There was lots of it; so you can imagine how I felt, with all these letters from America, light and with the Irish smiles on the faces of fathers and brothers around me, and a good PEAT FIRE burning on the hearth as I looked over all the letters and cards that have come in from America. When I went to bed I raised the blind on my window, and there, plain as a pikestaff, was ORION (the Irish would have it O'RYAN) and far below it, just rising, shining like the star of Bethlehem, SIRIUS! I could see Sirius as I lay in bed; and this morning, when I opened my eyes, what do you think greeted me, hanging "like a diamond in the sky"? Why, my old friend, VENUS, which is now a morning star. I haven't seen her for ages; and I believe me, it was good to see the old gal again. This afternoon, I went to the postoffice to mail some letters. This building was the scene of such rioting and bloodshed in 1916. Not far away is O'CONNELL SQUARE, with a huge statue to Daniel O'Connell. A fine broth of man was he, I should say, judging by his image.... Just behind the Church is a lane in which poor MAT TALBOT lived; and died. Matt may some day be canonized. He belonged to our Dominican parish.... Food is much more abundant in Ireland than in England. We have a good variety, and, what one seldom sees in England, fresh eggs and milk. How good they taste after being without them for such a long time! They tell me that when I get down among my relatives in Queen's County, the land will be flowing with milk and honey.... But I would rather have a good fire than a good meal; and the cold is what most of the people suffer from here in Ireland as in England. You may have had a taste of it in the States; but you don't know what a cold house is with no fire, no coal, no gas, or the world, you may say, your hat to that..... Saint David's, our convent here in Dublin, is very old. The original was built in 1284. We were thrown out of it in 1539, but came back in 1624. There's a story I've already told some of you but it's worth repeating to DEAN DIARY. Finnegan was talking to his friend O'Halloran. "O'Halloran, have ye ivir bin in Patagonia?" "Faith an' I have not" says O'Halloran. "Well in that case, O'Halloran, I can be a bit more explicit." And so with what I tell you, good friends, about Ireland. Since none of you have been here, I can put on the trimmings and you won't know the difference..... The Catholic atmosphere of Ireland is wonderful and there is more scraping and bowing and bending to "his reverence" than anywhere on earth, I suppose.... Dublin is a beautiful little town of about half a million. Compare this with the 7 or 8 million of London and you will see why it's easier to get about, here in the capital of Eire.... It will surprise some of my friends to know I'm getting away from coffee, by necessity. Imagine me drinking only ONE cup a day!!!! But if coffee is scarce, tea is plentiful; so I don't mind. While on this subject, I

may well be "a bit more explicit" on the subject of food. Friends, believe it or not, but you simply have never tasted real potatoes in your life till you taste the "taties" of dear old Eire. Great big luscious lads, these potatoes, rich and creamy, bursting their skins when boiled or baked, flaking out of their jackets like snow, and such a delicious taste! There's the matter of yellow turnips. You may turn up your noses at the thought of turnips, but, folks, you do the turnip family a positive injustice if you condemn it before you have put a bit of Irish yellow turnip into your mouths. It's one of the most delectable, delightful and deluxe vegetables that I can't describe for you. You've simply got to eat it to appreciate it. And the butter we get here! Now I've been out in THE DAIRYLAND OF AMERICA where Brother Al lives. I've tasted the butter from the best-fed cows in the States and Canada, not to speak of China and Australia. But, good as it is, until you've put a lump of the Irish churn into your mouths, until you've got that rich, milky, country-made butter tang that comes from the gentle kine of the Emerald Isle, you are wasting your time talking about butter to me. And from butter to eggs is a natural step. Now here I confess, there may be some room for argument since I haven't tested eggs for so long that almost any kind of hen fruit would be good. Be that as it may, the eggs we have with our tea in the evening are so scrumptious that I feel these must be the kind Saint Patrick in heaven must order when he wants a good meal. And to be sure, if the butter is so perfect, as I said a moment ago, the creamy milk from which it is made must be just as perfect. And that's exactly the case. Imagine me, who used to drink six and eight glasses of milk a day in the States and Canada, and then was cut off completely from the nourishing beverage of the cow, now having a big pitcher of rich and creamy milk set in front of me. It's a wonder I don't lose all my table manners! But there you have it, friends, and not one bit of exaggeration in what I say. Of course this won't last forever. When I leave Ireland, I shall leave all these delicious things behind. But I tell you about them so that you will know what to expect when and if any of you decide on a trip to dear old EIRE. And another thing: don't let anyone tell you that a good PEAT fire, blazing on the hearth, doesn't give out real heat. I've heard it said that peat is not up to much as fuel. Don't believe it! Right at this moment, I've a nice peat fire and am as cozy and snug as a bug in a rug.....

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14 - I went down to Tallaght, which is about 8 miles from Dublin. This is our House of Studies. It is located in an ideal country spot, "far from the madding crowd", and has a community of some 70 or 80 Dominicans. The Prior is Father Aegidius Doolan who is known in the States as the author of PHILOSOPHY FOR THE LAYMAN. After dinner and a nice chat with the fathers, I caught the bus back to Dublin.....The city of Dublin is situated on the coast of the Irish Sea, at a point where the river Liffey empties into the ocean. The Liffey runs through the heart of the city. Speaking of rivers reminds me that the best and most economic cigarette one can buy here is the SWEET AFTON. It is mild and good Virginia tobacco and costs about half as much, per pack, as in England. Each pack has a picture of Bobbie Burns and the River Afton, in Scotland, with two lines from his immortal: "Flow gently, Sweet Afton, among the green trees, Here and there I'll sing thee a song in thy praise."

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15 - I said Mass at the little boys' orphanage close by. The boys are cared for by the fathers here and by a matron. They are the neatest lot of little lads that I've seen in many a day, and surely bespeak the good care that is taken of them. In the afternoon, I went to the Capital Theatre to hear Handel's MESSIAH. It is to the lasting credit of the city of Dublin that THE FIRST PERFORMANCE of the Messiah was given by Handel himself here in the capital of Eire. Today the theatre was packed as it has been packed every year since that memorable day in 1742 when the Messiah was given its premiere here. The conductor was OLIVER O'BRIEN, 25 year old son of Vincent O'Brien who himself has been a conductor for years. The applause for the young man was terrific, from the Archbishop down to such minor dignitaries as the Rev. R.E.B. You know the high spots of the Oratorio, of course; the LARGO, the Pastoral Symphony, HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCKS, WHY DO THE GENTILES RAGE, and most magnificent of all, the HALLELUJAH CHORUS. They say that many years ago, at a performance of the Messiah in Dublin, the people were so enthused at the grandeur and soul-stirring strains of the HALLELUJAH CHORUS that they rose from their seats as one man. Ever since that time, the Dublin audiences ALWAYS STAND for the singing of the HALLELUJAH. The choral pieces were done by OUR LADY'S CHORAL SOCIETY, with a full symphonic orchestra. After the concert, one of the fathers took me to tea at THE CARLETON. It was really a high tea with good bacon and egg, toast and jam and cake..... In the evening, I went to a VARIETY CONCERT given by the pupils of the Holy Faith Convent near our Priory. One part of the programme was a little Irish drama, called SWEET MIRACLE, given by the children entirely in GAELIC. It's the first time I have heard anything of the sort;

and the language just rolled off the tongues of the girls. In the course of the drama, I heard Bach's LULLARY and the Christmas carol SILENT NIGHT sung in Gaelic. The tiny children did all the Irish dances as well as other sorts of things: Dutch songs and dances, Nursery Rhymes, Japanese songs, Gipsy songs, Hornpipe and St. Patrick's Day and Hornpipe and Reel. The costumes were really wonderful and the children played to a packed house.....I am keeping all my Christmas cards, to take down to my relatives at Balla Colla where I shall hang them all about the fireplace. So picture your greetings, dear friends, adorning the mantelpiece of a little Irish cottage, located right in the middle of Ireland, at a point where three counties meet: Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Queen's; for that is where Balla Colla, Gurtuagrus, lies.....Everywhere on the streets of Dublin, groups of young people are singing Christmas Carols.....A drug store here is called a chemist's shop, a tavern is a pub. Four thirty sounds ridiculous in this part of the world. People say half four.....The laundry not only washes your clothes but mends them as well, and darns your socks.....The little children make a bow and bless themselves when they meet a priest, saying: "God bless you, father".....The best English in the world is supposed to be spoken in Dublin and Edinburgh. I wonder if the Oxford dons would admit that? So far, all the English I've heard here is heavily laden with a brogue. I wish you could hear the children saying their prayers!

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18th - was a red-letter day, the day on which I visited the world-famed Trinity College and saw THE BOOK OF KELLS. This is an 8th century copy of the New Testament, made by the monks. It is the supreme example of the art of ILLUMINATION at its best, a work of indescribable beauty, one of the most precious things in existence. The colors, which, mind you, were put into the book 1200 years ago, are still pure and radiant. One of the human interest features are the little figures that the monks drew in the margins: humorous things such as a man sticking out his tongue, or kicking another man in posteriora, or holding up his leg and strumming on it like a banjo.....In the General Postoffice here is a statue to commemorate the death of the patriots in 1916. It represents the old Gaelic warrior CUCULLAIN who lived many centuries before Christ. CUCULLAIN always fought his battles single-handed; and when he was mortally wounded, he tied himself UPRIGHT to a stone pillar, so that his enemies thought he was still alive and they remained at a respectful distance, fearing the sword that he held in his hand. It was not until they saw a bird approach and light on his shoulder that they realized he was dead. He put the fear of God into his enemies even after his glorious spirit had departed. Such a warrior is a proper symbol, indeed, of the spirit of the Irish martyrs to freedom who gave their lives in 1916....Well, good friends, I suppose you know that:

"Christmas time is coming and the goose is getting fat,

So please drop a penny in the old man's hat."

Now, I'm thinking, after writing the little Irish doggerel, that you will misinterpret my meaning. This is what the poor lads are saying on the streets of Dublin these days. I've dropped a good many pennies, here and there, into the hats---and sometimes into the shawls of the old women. I'm hoping that they will use them to buy one of the famous Dublin HENNY DINNERS and not spend their tuppenny bits on the "eratur".....Many words in English are from the Gaelic, for example: whiskey, which means "water of life"; shanty, which means "an old house"; and so on. The common Irish expression for a hymn or song or ditty is a "comial-ya" which is said to come from the first words of the "Adeste Fideles": "O come, all ye" so that it's really not an Irish word but an Irish derivative from the English. ....I can send a letter from here to California for the same price that it costs to send one across the street here in Dublin, tuppenny hapenny! The word "MARY" in Irish has two forms, one of which is used for little girls, the other reserved for the Blessed Virgin alone. The word "omethon" is not nice in Irish. It means a "fool", though it is often used in English in a milder sense to mean a "little goose" or a "little dunce" or something of the sort.....There are many DANISH Towns in Ireland, of which Dublin is one. So perhaps many of you good Irish have Danish blood in you.....Mc or Mac in Irish means "son of". It corresponds exactly with "fitz" in such names as Fitzgerald, Fitzpatrick. "Fitz" of course, is Norman; and comes from the French "fils" which means "son" or "son of". The same is true of all the O's: O'Brien, O'Brennan being "sons of" Brien, Brennan, and so forth.....But one of the most interesting words is "ky-bosh". You have all heard the expression "to put the ky-bosh" or something, meaning to put an end to it. Now "ky-bosh", in Gaelic, means "cap of death". It refers to the custom of putting a pitch cap on the heads of the Irish Catholics and lighting it, thus burning them to death. This was the method of torture that the persecutors of the faith used there in Ireland. Hence, to "put the ky-bosh" on somebody was to put an end to him, by burning him to death. Nowadays it merely means to put a stop to something.....As I write this I can hear the foghorn out on Dublin bay.



It is very foggy tonight over the water, although it's not too bad here. I have just come down from the roof of the convent where I went to see the stars. Several constellations were quite visible: Orion, the Twins, the polar star constellations, the Box of Pegasus, the Palades, Alder, beren, Vega, and last, but not least, THE SWAN.....Today, DECEMBER 20, I went to visit the Church of Saint Michan. Saint Michan was a Dane; and his Church dates back to 1096. Here one finds the historic old vaults in which bodies can be seen in a wonderful state of preservation, though they have never been embalmed. The tops are kept off the coffins; and I saw the body of a crusader who was buried 800 years ago; and of a nun buried 3000 years ago. They say that it is good luck to shake hands with the crusader; so I took the old lad by the hand and gave it a good wring. In the Church is an old organ built in 1724 on which Handel played when he was in Dublin. Saint Michan's is close to the FOUR COURTS OF DUBLIN; so I walked over to see what they look like. The huge front pillars of the Courts are pitted with bullet marks — relics of the fighting that went on in this area when DeValera was coming into power.....The Dome of the FOUR COURTS is one of the most impressive things in Dublin, close by is another famous old landmark, associated with the Danes; THE TOWER OF DUBLIN. Incidentally, the word "Dublin" means "Black Pool". Right in the center of traffic and business is the site of the old DOMINICAN BLACK-FRIARS convent. At the time of its building, in the 13th century, it was right along the RIVER LIFFEY. Our present convent, in which I am staying at the moment, is about a mile away from the original site.....Today I shook hands with the Irish policeman who picked up MATT TALBOT when he fell dead in our lane. Matt's cause is being strongly pushed at Rome. He may be canonized soon; in which case he will be the WORKING MAN'S PATRON.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 22 - I went with Father Provincial to Drogheda. We drove in a car and were able to pass by two hills important in Irish history and legend: TARA and SLANE. All of you remember the beautiful: "The harp that once through Tara's Halls, The soul or music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul had fled."

According to tradition, the Druid king gave orders that no fire in the kingdom should be lighted until the sacred fire had been kindled on the Hill of Tara. Saint Patrick ignored the command and lit the Paschal fire on the Hill of Slane which is plainly visible from Tara. The Druid king was advised by his priests that the fire on Slane must be put out immediately; else it would NEVER be put out. Patrick was hailed before the king and began a contest of miracles. The Druid priests would perform one wonder; but Patrick would always go them one better. In the end, Patrick won; and the fire on Slane did indeed continue to burn as the faith spread all over Ireland. And so the harp "hangs mute on Tara's walls" because the Druid priests were eventually replaced by the ministers of the Gospel;.....Entering Drogheda, we passed over the Boyne River. Here the famous BATTLE OF THE BOYNE was fought in 1690, between the troops of William the Orange and the Irish troops of James the Second. William won. There is a story told that James left the battle field when the contest was half over and fled to Dublin. On arriving there, he complained to someone that the battle was lost because his Irish troops ran away. "Well, faith an' Your Majesty seems to have won the race," said some Irish wag.....Drogheda also contains the head of Blessed Oliver Plunkett. He was martyred at Tyburn Tree in London, in 1681.....Good old Oliver Cromwell, too, of happy memory, had a go at Drogheda. As you recall, he tried to exterminate as many of the people as he could; and the rest he exiled to the poorest and loneliest section of Ireland: CONNAUGHT. Hence the origin of the infamous Cromwellian expression: "NO MORE CONNAUGHT!" A nice lad wasn't Oliver.....

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS!!!! I have just come from the convent roof. The clock is striking eight. Going down with beautiful grace, diving headlong into the Atlantic, was the Swan. This is the moment I told you about long ago, when I should watch the setting of the SWAN (or NORTHERN CROSS) from Ireland. As I looked at its exquisite outline, I prayed for all of you — that the INFANT JESUS might protect you always. MERRY MERRY XMAS! AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! I had intended spending Christmas Day with my relatives in Belle Colls, but have had to change my plans. Instead I shall go down there for New Year's. So, as I write this on Christmas Eve, I am thinking particularly of all who sent me Christmas cards. As they came in, I put them up about my cell, hanging them from the windows, on the desk, over the clothes closet. Everywhere I look, I see Christmas cards and they are beautiful, every single one. Right on a direct line from where I am sitting at the moment, and occupying a position of importance, is the

little card which Patty Christen sent. Well, it is getting late and the last delivery of mail has been made. So, let it be known for the records that the FIRST Christmas card to come was from UNCLE ARTHUR SIMPSON in Washington, D.C. It was mailed in early October and reached me on the 11th of November, before I set sail for Europe. The LAST Card to come a few minutes ago, all by itself, by the final post, was from MARGOT GAUTHIER, my little friend in Montreal. Well, dear friends, it is nearly time to turn out the lights, hang up one's stockings, and wait for good old Saint Nick to come down the chimney. Here in Dublin, the weather is clear and frosty. It is quite cold, as cold goes over here; so Santa will have nice red cheeks when he gets through with his job. You may be sure that all the children in Ireland are in bed and fast asleep by this time; and they are probably dreaming of the toys and candy and all the other things that come down the chimney to good children at Christmas. We shall have no midnight Mass here because it is forbidden to have such celebration in Dublin. But tomorrow morning, as I stand at the altar, I shall remember all of you in a special prayer, begging the Newborn Babe to bring you an abundance of graces during the coming year. As you read this, 1947 will be under way; but it will not be too late to wish all of you PROSIT NEUJAHR! Bonne Année! CHING ANI! HAPPY NEW YEAR! SLANTHA. So I turn out my light and settle for the night. And as I look out of the window of my cell, I can see the CHRISTMAS CANDLES burning in the windows of the houses near our convent. Thus, according to the Irish tradition, the LIGHT OF THE WORLD will have the light of a million candles, shining all through the night, when He comes to take up His abode with men as a LITTLE BABE.....

CHRISTMAS DAY 1946 passed very quietly. We had a lovely meal in the evening: turkey, plum pudding, fruit, coffee. It was a day of showers and sunshine; but the sunshine finally prevailed and the night was filled with beautiful stars. The crib in the Church is beautiful. The children sang carols during the Masses..... The people of Ireland are very very poor, but they seem to make the best of their hard lot. It would do Americans a lot of good to come over here and get a taste of the real poverty, the pangs of hunger, the sting of frost and cold, that everyone here has to undergo. The other day I saw a couple of children in their bare feet. Now, while this is unspeakable, since there are societies to care for the little ones, it still shows that poverty is the rule, rather than the exception, in Ireland. But the youngsters are of a tough fiber and they don't seem to mind the cold too much. And they are of a naturally happy disposition. So most folk make a virtue out of want, and I'm sure that the infant Saviour, who came in poverty, finds good and willing hearts in dear old Ireland..... No matter how poor one is, there is always somebody poorer. A few minutes ago I saw a man and woman, leaning out of the window of a shabby tenement, and casting a few coppers to some old beggar down on the street below. Their reward should be great in heaven since the merit of alms-giving depends, not so much on how much you part with, as with how much you have left.....

DECEMBER 26, Saint Stephen's Day, is marked all over Ireland by the Christmas pantomimes. Here in Dublin a half dozen or so are starting. They will go on till Twelfth Night..... TIPPERARY is considered the premier of Ireland. It's pronounced as though it were spelt TIP-RARY. The soil is the richest; the lands are the biggest; the colleens are the sweetest (so they say); the land is the prettiest..... One of Blessed Oliver Plunkett's closest friends was Archbishop BRENNAN. He was located in Cashel, TIPPERARY!!!..... Walking down the cloister at 5 o'clock, I happened to look out towards the southwest, and there was the crescent moon. It is slender as a sliver of silver tonight..... No mail on St. Stephen's Day because it is a bank holiday.....

DECEMBER 27, the feast of JOHN THE APOSTLE. Another fine day in Dublin. We are right in the winter season now, with clear and foul weather alternating. My room was once part of the corridor of the convent. It has a wooden roof; and when the rain falls, I can hear it pattering on the boards.....

SUNDAY DECEMBER 29th, 1946. The thing I marvel at most here in Ireland is the faith of the people. It is a living thing, handed down from Saint Padraic over 1500 years ago! One can see it in the faces of the children and grown-ups alike when they are attending Mass..... The little tots are quite free to roam about in church when Mass is going on. This morning, two of them came up to the altar railing and remained there during the Holy Sacrifice..... The carols today were lovely. After Mass there was Benediction; and instead of the "O SALUTARIS" the choir sang the "ADESTE FIDELIS". I never heard it before, sung for Benediction; and yet, could anything be more appropriate! Tomorrow, please God, I shall go down to the country to see my long-lost relatives. They have been expecting me for some weeks; but due to a slight cold I had to postpone the visit. "Il vaut mieux tard que jamais" as the French say; to

Rich O'Brennan, the poet, adds: "Il vaut mieux jamais tard",.....  
 and so, till I reach the hills of Balla Colla.....Ireland has 32 counties  
 and 4 provinces. The subdivisions of the counties are called BARONIES. Now-  
 adays, one never hears the names King's County and Queen's County. The former  
 is called OFFALY; the latter LAOGHIS (pronounced like leach) or LEIX (pronounced  
 like leeks). My relatives live in County Laoghia.....I have just come up-  
 stairs from HOLY HOUR. It would do your heart good to hear the people sing the  
 hymns. And if you should like to listen to perfect English, you must come to  
 Dublin and hear the glorious hymns of the Holy Hour service, sung by the people  
 in unison. At the end there was Benediction, and then, the ADESTE, during  
 which the congregation, along with the swelling peals of the organ, bade fair  
 to take the very roof off the Church. It was thrilling!.....In Irish, Brendan  
 is the same as Brennan. So we had a saint somewhere along the line of our  
 forebears.....If you are interested in MATT TALBOT, I have just sent in an  
 article to THE TORCH which you can get from the Dominican Offices in New York  
 City. The title of the article is DUBLIN WORKMEN.....The cutest Christmas card  
 I received was from Sister Estave, Newark, Ohio. It shows the INFANT BABE, all  
 wrapped up like an Indian papoose, and three little baby angels around him: one  
 blowing a horn for all he's worth; the second strumming on a banjo (or a cithara,  
 I suppose one should say); the third trying to put a garment of some sort about  
 the Infant's head and threatening to suffocate him.....After Balla Colla, I'll  
 try to get to County Mayo, God help us. But what I don't see this time, I'll  
 visit next SPRING when the warm weather comes.....

DECEMBER 30, 1946. Off to BALLA COLLA! The ride down through County Kildare to  
 Queen's County was beautiful. When I arrived at BALLYBROPHY my relatives were  
 at the station to meet me with a car. We lost no time in getting to their home  
 in the countryside of Balla Colla. It's really very rural, in this part of  
 Ireland. The house I'm staying in is a typical farmer's home, good old oil  
 lamps, a huge fireplace where the cooking is done, the animals coming right up  
 to the door. But everything is cosy and comfortable inside, in spite of the  
 inclemency of the weather, the rain and frost and damp which has been plaguing  
 this part of the world for months and months. After a nice duck dinner, I drove  
 over to the little chapel where my grandparents Brennan were married. In the  
 evening we sat around the fireplace and tried to trace back the family tree;  
 but we got lost in the branches after a few generations. So far as I can find  
 out, the Brennans occupied that part of Queen's County which is known as  
 CURTINACLAH. This name is very interesting because it means "Field of Stakes".  
 I asked how it got the name; and the story goes that BRIAN BORU was returning  
 through these parts after driving the Danes into the sea after the battle of  
 CLONTARF in 1014. But the local chief wouldn't let them pass unless they paid  
 a toll. Brian's men were wounded and sick and had no money; so they told Brian  
 that if he would stand them upright, by fixing them to stakes, they would fight  
 to get through. When the local bigwig saw this manifestation of courage, he  
 let Brian and his army pass; and so the place is called GERTINACLAH or THE FIELD  
 OF STAKES. Sounds interesting, even if it is a bit trimming and garnished for  
 the occasion.

NEW YEAR'S EVE we went over to TIMAHOE where more of the relatives live. It's  
 about 10 or 15 miles from Balla Colla. Timahoe is famous for its round tower,  
 which was built probably a 1000 years ago. Near it stand the ruins of a monas-  
 tery which was destroyed by Cromwell. All the monks were put to death except  
 one who happened to be taking a walk in the fields nearby. (The moral is that  
 it's good to take a walk now and then, even if it's outside the walls of the  
 monastery).

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1947 I said Mass in the little chapel where my grandparents  
 were married. Then home to eat the fatted goose. It was grand. Then, by pony  
 and cart, to some relatives who live just down the road. Then back to a house-  
 full of people who came in to chat about this and that, especially about the  
 local traditions. Then outside to study the stars. It's wonderful, here in  
 the country, where everything is in pitch darkness at night. Since it was  
 rather late when all the company had gone, I didn't get outside until nearly  
 midnight. The new moon had gone down and the skies were just one maze of stars.  
 Koehob was swinging around the North Star; the Big Bear and the Little Bear  
 were coursing along in great style. The Swan was nosing down into the north-  
 west and I could only see Deneb, her tail. The Box of Pegasus was sliding  
 along overhead, with Aries close by. Capella was brilliant and sparkling like  
 a jewel. The Pleiades were gossiping, as sisters will, and not losing a moment  
 in the race with Aldebaran. The showman of the winter skies, Orion, was strut-  
 ting and glaring at the Bull, and close behind were his two dogs: Sirius, most  
 splendid and shining of all the stars, and Procyon, the pup, trotting after  
 the hunter. Then came the big surprise. As I looked to the east, I saw two



constellations that have been hidden for months. They are properly Spring stars, but because of the lateness of the hour, I was able to see them rising. Have you guessed their names? Yes, that's right: SPICA, in Virgo; and REGULUS in the Lion. These latter are the messengers of mild weather and soft rains and budding leaves and blooming flowers; and how good it was to see them! Well, we stood for some time, looking at the glories of the heavens; then went in, said the family rosary, put ashes on the fire, blew out the lamps, and sank into the folds of our goose-feather beds.....

THURSDAY JANUARY 2, 1947 We were all up betimes and making ready for my departure. By car, with the family, to MOUNTRATH where the Limerick train stops for passengers. I had the relatives good-bye and promised that I would be back in two or three months, when the weather is more seasonable for travelling about the country. It was a lovely holiday at Belle Colla, but only the beginning of my acquaintance with the good folk down there. What country people don't have in the way of modern conveniences they more than make up for by the kindness and cordiality of their manner and the care they lavish on their visitors. I don't believe I ever in my life got so much waiting on as in Belle Colla, with blazing fires on the hearth, and hot water bottles in the bed at night, and my shoes shined and warmed before I got up in the morning, and extra blankets and rugs when I was outside, and tea and fingers of toast at every turn, and chocolate before going to bed, and peace and quiet when saying my prayers. Could anyone in the wide world want anything more!

FRIDAY JANUARY 3, 1947. I'm as busy as a bee trying to get my passport fixed up with visas for France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece and Egypt. Yes, my transportation has come through, via the TWA, and I'm on my way to the HOLY LAND, to make a pilgrimage to the places made sacred by the footsteps of our Saviour. The need for all the visas comes from the fact that I shall be passing through Paris, Geneva, Rome, Athens, and Cairo, before I get to the Holy Land. I have some letters of introduction to the Apostolic Delegate at Cairo, and I'm hoping that he will be able to manage my entrance into Jerusalem which, as you know, is a hard place to visit these days, on account of the Jewish problem. Great Britain is rather strict on the matter of visas to Palestine; but with the help of the three Kings, I'll land there O.K. I mention the three Kings because I set sail from Shannon airport on the feast of the Epiphany. I'll be a month or so in Egypt, looking about and star-gazing; so you will next hear from me there. Hold everything, then, and be faithful to your New Year's resolutions, my friends among which I trust that you resolved to keep the WANDERING FRIAR in your good prayers. SLANTHA!

FR. ED

FR. BOB

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

SUNDAY JANUARY 5 was my last day in Dublin. My cousin, who lives about ten miles outside the city, came after me in a machine and we spent the afternoon together, sitting about the fireplace and chatting about this and that. On the way out, we were riding along for a time with Eamon DeValera the Prime Minister. But he was in such a hurry that he soon passed us. After returning to the convent, I had lots to do, trying to get my belongings together for my trip to the HOLY LAND. This news I have reserved till the last, because I was not sure till the last moment that I could secure transportation. It's so hard, nowadays, to get anywhere, and I've been holding my breath in high hopes and expectation. Thanks to the good Irishman at the TWA office, I was able to manage it in fine style. So tomorrow I shall be departing from the shores of the land of my ancestors. I see by today's paper that BERTA HUMMEL has just died in Germany. She was born in Bavaria and became a Franciscan nun. She is known the world over for the beautiful cherubic rosy-checked children, and Baby Angels which she drew, especially for Christmas cards. HUMMEL cards will likely be popular for years to come.....Attention the O'Sullivans: dear old Mrs. Siemssen, our beloved Countess, died in Shanghai recently. I've just received this word from her son, in answer to a letter which I sent to the Countess last summer. She will get a great reward for all her kindnesses.....looking out of my convent window on this, the EVE OF EPIPHANY (which the Irish call LITTLE CHRISTMAS) I see the candles burning in the windows. They are known as TWELFTH NIGHT CANDLES. When one is out in the country, they can be seen for miles. As Shakespeare put it, in the words of PORTIA: "How far that little candle throws his beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

MONDAY THE FEAST OF THE THREE KINGS I begin my trip to the Orient. First to the AER LINGUS station where I caught the bus to Collins Field. Then aboard the plane which was to carry me to SHANNON FIELD. This is where the bad accident happened recently, which you must have read about in the paper. Our trip to Shannon was lovely, straight through the sunshine and across the heart of Ireland. On the plane, I sat with a lady who was on her way back to the States, after spending the Christmas holidays in the land of her birth. I gave her a message to telephone to the NEWS in Maplewood. Since she was flying, she should have been in the United States by the 7th or 8th of January. I hope the message was relayed.....Coming down to the Shannon port, I was told that my plane to Egypt would not depart till the next day; so I took the bus into LIMERICK, since we have a convent there. But first I called up Mr. Albert Meyer who is the American Consul in these parts and who hails from the same neck of the woods in Ohio as myself; We met at the Hotel which is next door to our convent, where he, his wife, I and the local manager of the TWA had dinner together. Of course I had to give them all the news I had of the homeland. So, attention, Ange Kennedy, tell all the good burghers in Ottawa that I met the Meyers and found them charming and hospitable people.....Then to the convent and bed. I have started my journey under the special protection of the THREE KINGS and so far they have done a wonderful job. The flight from Dublin to Shannon was perfect..

TUESDAY JANUARY 7th I was picked up by the AER LINGUS station wagon and redeposited at Shannon Airport. There the news was very favorable, because our flight was to be under way within an hour's time. First we had a delicious lunch and sat about in the lounge a bit to chat. Here I met a priest of

his way to MONTREAL; so I loaded him down with messages for the Privates and saw him off to his plane. He had a good hour's start before we got under way. But finally the time came for our departure and we boarded the giant CONSTELLATION which was headed for BOMBAY. With a zip and a mighty zoom and a bang and a roar that could be heard down in Limerick, we were off. Everything went along pleasantly, over England and the channel, until we reached France, when word was sent up to us that we could not land at Paris because of the foul weather there. This really was good news, because it meant that we should continue right along to Geneva. So on and on we went, soaring over the Alps which were glistening in the moonlight, until we reached above the Swiss Capital; when word came again that no landing was possible because of the mist and fog. Did we mind? Nary a bit. It was fine travelling up where we were; 11,000 feet above the earth and cruising along at 300 miles an hour. So we by-passed Geneva too. By this time, the full moon was high above us, and I could get a marvellous view of the constellations on my side of the ship. As a matter of fact, we turned our course so much, to avoid the bumpy spots, that I was able to see all parts of the heavens; and being above the clouds, everything was perfectly visible. On we went, over Switzerland, and into Italy. Then came dinner time, and we were quite famished by the air and the altitude; and all of us did justice to our chops and mashed potatoes, our dessert and coffee, you may be sure. At last, around midnight, the lights of Rome came into view, and down we descended on the HOLY CITY. Then came the news that we should be delayed here for several hours, so we all piled into a machine and went into the city, where we put up for the remainder of the night at the EDEN HOTEL. We were roused at four in the morning, and carried back to the airport where, after a hurried sandwich and a cup of coffee, we made our exit, via the air, from the city of the Seven Hills. More mountains, more snow shining in the sunlight, and then the blue Adriatic. After a few hours we were above Greece. The reason we had to stay in Rome was the impossibility of landing in Athens at night time. In due time we saw the lovely hills that surround the capital of Greece, and after a bit of manoeuvring we slid down to a graceful stop at the airport. A real Greek meal awaited us, and we fell to with zest. After an hour or so, we boarded our plane again, for the final hop across the Mediterranean which we negotiated in about three hours, passing directly over the Isle of Crete. It was easy as rolling off a log. The view was magnificent. At our height, we were way above the highest clouds. Looking down on them, they seemed like masses of foamy white snow, with all sorts of fantastic shapes and forms. Soon the sands of the Egyptian desert came into view, and the glorious delta of the Nile which is just sprouting its green foliage; then, far down the river, inland, we could see CAIRO. It was just a matter of minutes before we headed down on to the golden sands of the desert. Then by bus into CAIRO where I had an introduction to Madame Weibl, who is a sort of Maitresse d'hotel of the Shepherds Caravanerie here. It's a typical oriental establishment, with more servants than one could shake ten sticks at, large airy rooms, a beautiful lounge and dining room, and most excellent food. Although rooms are at a premium, Madame arranged to get one for me. After dinner I sank into my bed completely exhausted by the long plane journey and didn't hear a thing until around ten o'clock next morning. Since it was too late to say Mass, I went all out and ordered my breakfast in bed. Having fittingly attired myself; I next presented my credentials to the Apostolic delegate here; and he suggested that I stay with the French Dominicans who live in the suburbs of Cairo. Out I came, then, to Les Pères Dominicains who conduct a "Foyer des Etudiants" here as a branch of the Biblical School in Jerusalem and Pere Boulanger, he of the capacious arms, welcomed me effusively. He live at 1, rue Masna al TARABICH, which, being translated, means I on the

Street of the Factory of Fases; where, in short, (as you tell the taxi man) the Egyptian hats are made. And now for a few back-glances at the trip: It was snowing when we got to Rome, which is about the same as someone's saying that your house is on fire or that your mother-in-law has just passed to her eternal reward..... In the seat next to me from Athens to Cairo was a little Greek Miss. She spoke no English; I spoke no Greek; so we hit up an acquaintance in French....Before we got through, she was offering me cookies from her little cookie box.....Looking at the clouds over the Mediterranean, I realized, as never before, the meaning of the phrase "benedicite nubes Domino" (O all ye clouds, bless the Lord) which we recite so often in our Office.....Swinging over the Acropolis and the Parthenon in Athens, we could see Mount Olympus off in the distance where the gods dwelt in the ancient mythology. Good old Zeus must have been frozen stiff in the wintertime, with all the ice and snow which covered his home. The moon formed a perfect triangle with Procyon and another star which I could not place at the moment. So I sent word up to the navigator (we were flying over the Alps at the time) and he informed me that it was ALPHARD.....When I was in Limerick, the name of the town brought back some childhood memories of the time I was a member of the LIMERICK GUARD, all dressed in green, with a huge white plume and buttons to match. Then, when the night of the play arrived, I went down with a terrific dose of measles and couldn't put on my beautiful costume.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10 I said Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Saint Joseph close by. They are a French community with nuns of different nationalities in the Cairo house. Above the altar is one of the most beautiful pictures I've ever seen of the FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. It could well be a Cairo setting, with the desert in the background, and the palm trees, exactly as we see them hereabouts. And since this is actually the season of the flight into Egypt, I felt a special devotion in saying Mass at this particular altar.....Egypt really has few Egyptians, in comparison with the millions of Arabs that are here. Several centuries ago, they crossed the Red Sea and conquered the land.....We are in a tropical country now, with oranges and bananas and sweet lemons and dates in abundance. This is the Egyptian winter, the best season of the year, when thousands of foreigners come here to pass the cold months—the millionaires who spoil things for other people by their extravagant tips and loose casting about our money. Cairo is a city of extremes, with wealth and the direct povert, living next door to each other. There are beggars everywhere.....Cairo is called the 30-30 city because if you look at your map you will see that it is located at a point which is 30 degrees latitude and 30 degrees longitude. Our weather at the moment is about the same as MAY in Montreal, April in Washington, May in Ohio and Wisconsin, and March in China. Because of our southern position, it is possible to see many stars here which are invisible in the States, at least above the Mason-Dixon line. Like all Oriental houses, our convent has a flat roof where one can walk in the evening after the heat of the day is gone. This is a veritable Mecca for me, and I go up every evening. As you know, Egypt is the land of clear skies, with sunshine every day; and so the nights are perfect for studying the stars. I can't tell you how wonderful it is. When I'm up on top of the convent, it seems as though I can reach up and touch Capella and Sirius and the belt of Orion, they appear to be so near! At this season of the year, Vega and Altair and the Northern Cross go down quite early; and since the twilight lasts so long in the Orient, one has to have a sharp eye to see the descent of the Swan. But the winter constellations are here in all their glory. And a star which



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you cannot see, but which is plainly visible here (and perhaps you most of you have never see) is CANOPUS in the constellation ARGO. It is far below Sirius, but really rivals the dog-star in its brilliance. And then, later at night, if one looks to the left of Argo Navis, it is possible to see the SOUTHERN CROSS which hangs over the Antarctic regions, not far from the South Pole; so that we are in a glorious position to study the stars of both hemispheres. You may be sure that I shall be on the roof of our convent every night; and when I go to Jerusalem next week, I shall be doing the same thing. In fact one of the strong reasons I had for coming to Egypt was to study the stars. This, along with Arabia, is the home of the ancient astronomers; and the three MAGI, whose feast we are celebrating at the moment, were great astronomers, undoubtedly. You remember that in BEN HUR, Lew Wallat pictures one of the three kings as coming from Egypt. So, good saints Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar, pray for all of us star-gazers! Cairo, like all other cities in this part of the world, is full of the smells of the Orient. It is hard to describe them; but they bring back memories of my days in China.....I have secured my visa for the HOLY LAND and will be on my way there next Tuesday evening. I'll return to Egypt after a couple weeks pilgrimage in Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11 I visited some of the famous mosques of Cairo. Perhaps the most magnificent of these in all Egypt, certainly the best in Cairo, is the mosque of SULTAN HASSAN. It was built between 1356 and 1359, and is a perfect example of the art of the Saracens. For its stately proportions and majestic grandeur it is unrivalled. To walk through it and read its inscriptions we had to take off our shoes! Fortunately one of our Dominican Fathers here is an Arab; and he translated the inscriptions for us. The prayer niche in all these mosques is always so placed that it faces MECCA which is the center and origin of the Mohammedan religion. The mosque of AMR IBN EL ASI is the oldest in Egypt. It was built around 641 on the spot where the Moslem general who conquered Egypt with his Arabian hordes, erected his tent. Near the entrance to the courtyard is a double-columned pillar. If one can squeeze through the two columns, one is sure to be saved. I remember seeing something of the sort in a temple in Japan which has an immense pillar with a hole at the bottom. Since I was able to get through both the columns and the hole, I am assured of the entrance through the pearly gates, according to the terms of both the Buddhistic and Mohammedan religions. Now if only St. Peter has the same idea about me, all will be well! The third mosque which we visited is that of IBN TULUN. It was built by a Turkish general who was governor of Egypt back in the 9th century. It dates from 876. Alongside it is a minaret with a spiral staircase which we climbed in order to get the view it affords of all Cairo. In every mosque, one finds not only a prayer niche (which must always be located in such a way that it indicates the direction of MECCA) but also an ablution fountain where every Moslem; before praying, must wash his hands and feet.....

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12 I visited the PYRAMIDS, with Brother André, one of our lay-brothers here who is Dutch, was born in Egypt, and speaks Arab fluently. We set off after Mass and reached the pyramids around noon. First we had a delicious dinner in one of the Oriental gardens nearby; then we proceeded to the largest and most famous of the three pyramids near Cairo: that of CHEOPS. These giant structures, which are rated among the seven wonders of the world, are a testimony to the belief of the ancient Egyptian in immortality or life after death. Those near Cairo

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which we saw today were built about 3000 years ago! They are tombs of the ancient rulers. The one we climbed was constructed by CHEOPS and is also known as the GREAT PYRAMID because it is the largest in Egypt. In order to get to the tomb of Cheops, one has to bend down and walk through a long series of tunnels that wind their way up towards the top of the pyramid. Since it is pitch dark inside, it is also necessary to bring a torch or candle. There are two more pyramids close by that were built as tombs for the daughters of Cheops. It is almost unbelievable that these vast structures were made by human hands, and that the huge stones that went into their construction were transported here by slaves. It must have taken millions of them to complete the work.....After visiting Cheops Pyramid, our next objective was the SPHINX which was built by Chephren (these old boys must have been modern Kaisers, with their mania for building!) Being a bit fatigued by the long climb in the Great Pyramid, I decided to take a camel on the trip to the Sphinx. So up we got and on we jogged over the sands of the desert until we reached the Sphinx. This unsightly creature represents the god of the Rising Sun (HARMACHIS) and has a human head on the body of a lion. The head stands for WISDOM and the body for STRENGTH. Between the paws of the Sphinx is a long table of offerings, on which sacrifices were made. I have bought some post cards which you will see in due time, showing the various spots of interest around Cairo, including the pyramids.....

MONDAY, JANUARY 13th Frere André and I went to the CAIRO OPERA. The company who performed flew down from Naples. This evening they gave LA BORENE. It was an excellent performance, with MARCELLO and NINI and MUNETTA and RODOLFO at their best. Perhaps you remember the more famous arias of the opera: YOUR TINY HAND IS FROZEN; THEY CALL ME NINI; and MUNETTA'S WALTZ SONG. I hope to see and hear Puccini's masterpiece when I get to La Scala in Italy ---perhaps with Toscani conducting..... Among the flowers in bloom here, there is an abundance of poinsettias, growing outside; and Bouganville.....Cairo, like all Oriental cities, is dirty and filled with beggars. But the natural beauty, the climate, the clear skies, the daily warm sunshine, the magnificent stars, more than make up for the lack of cleanliness.....Every species of black race is here, with Bedouins, Greeks, native Egyptians (who are in the minority, being over run by Arabs), English, French, etc: etc.....Attention Marget Prévost! I've just discovered a new set of recipes in French, written in Egypt by the mother of one of our Dominican fathers. I'm sending a copy and I hope you get it in a couple month's time.....Mr. Duhamel, who was in Montreal when I was there, is now in Cairo lecturing. Is it possible that Monsieur D. is following me about?.....I'm off for the Holy Land tonight, so I must bring this edition of dear Diary to a close. So, au revoir, my good and gentle friends. You will be hearing from me again, but next time it will be from JERUSALEM!!!!!!!!!!!! Again, au revoir!!!!!!!!

FR. ED

FR. BOB

*M. DeKorinich*

## PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

Good morning, dear friends! Well, today, JANUARY 14th, I am on my way to the HOLY LAND. Brother Andrew has been with me all day, trying to arrange things for my departure; and he has done admirably. It is six o'clock in the evening, and I am sitting in my compartment on the train, waiting to pull out. At last we are under way, rolling across the Egyptian desert towards the RED SEA. It is quite dark now, and as I sit at my window with lights out, I can see all the lovely stars gleaming over the sands. They are as clear as crystal; and I study them as we ride along in a northeastern direction. But by and by, I begin to be sleepy; so off go the clothes, and into bed I jump. When I awaken, it is day and we are in Palestine, travelling towards LYDDA where I arrive around 9 in the morning. As I learned later, the father who was to meet me here was arrested on his way to the station. It seems that some Dominican habits were stolen recently by the TERRORISTS; so that now anybody wearing the Dominican garb is under suspicion. Well, when I found no one at Lydda, I took a car into Jerusalem, which is about 20 miles away. It was a lovely ride in the crisp morning air; and I was finally deposited at the doors of SAINT STEPHEN'S which is our Biblical School here. Most of the fathers at the school are French; but there is a sprinkling of a half dozen other nationalities. I was given a most cordial welcome on all sides and made to feel right at home at once. After dinner, the American fathers here took me for a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On entering, we knelt at the door in silent prayer for a few minutes and then began our pilgrimage to the sacred spots: first, to Mount CALVARY, where we kissed the spot on which the Cross was erected; then to the ANOINTING STONE, on which the body of our Saviour was prepared, by washing and ointments, for burial; then to the SEPULCHRE. All three precious places are enclosed within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which is under the guardianship of the Franciscan Fathers.....Next we visited the CITADEL and saw the remnants of the tower built by HEROD...Then to the CHURCH OF THE DORMITION where the Blessed Virgin lived and died after the Passion of our Lord. Close by the Church is a mosque which stands on the spot occupied by the CENACLE where our Lord ate the Last Supper with His disciples. It is unfortunate that this place is not in Christian hands, and perhaps some day it will be, as the Franciscans are trying very hard to get hold of it. From the roof of the Church of the DORMITION we were able to see all about Jerusalem-----over to the GARDEN OF OLIVES where our Lord went after the Last Supper and where He suffered His agony of sweat and blood; the corner of the temple wall where the PINNACLE stood, from which the devil asked our Lord to cast Himself during His temptation; the road to Jericho, where the Good Samaritan took care of the man who fell among robbers in the parable of our Lord; the MOUNTAIN OF SCANDAL where Solomon built a palace for his numerous wives; and so on. After supper in the convent, we went up on the roof to see the Holy City at night and to watch the stars. I can not describe the beauty of the place in fitting terms. You must be here and experience it yourselves to know what the spirit and the feel of the Holy Land is.....

THURSDAY JANUARY 16th several of the fathers went on a trip to EMMAUS and I was privileged to go along. This is where the two disciples walked along with our Lord (not knowing Who it was that was talking with them) and explaining all the events of the Passion and Death of the Saviour. By the time they reached EMMAUS it was growing dusk and they asked our Lord to remain with them at the little inn of the town. Then, at the breaking of



the bread they recognized that it was the Risen Christ Himself who was supping with them.....On the way to Emmaus, we passed the place where Solomon had his dream, when he asked God for the greatest treasure of all: WISDOM....Near Emmaus is a beautiful TRAPPIST MONASTERY. Here we took our noonday meal and then went through the monastery with one of the fathers. The flower garden here is one of the beauty spots of all Palestine, with its trees and bushes and shrubs of all kinds that grow so luxuriantly in the Orient; yet, strange to say, the spot on which the monastery stands was once a desert. The hard labor of the monks has transformed sand and waste land into a veritable Paradise of fruit and flower and lovely stone building. This is the part of Palestine in which Judas Machabeus fought with the Assyrian hordes.....Coming back to Jerusalem, we had one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever seen, the kind that one can see only in the Orient, bathing the hills and valleys in deep purple and transforming rock and stone into shining jewels.....

FRIDAY JANUARY 17th I rose early and went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre where I said Mass at the CALVARY ALTAR on the very spot where our divine Saviour died after His three hours' agony on the Cross. What a grace to be able to offer the unbloody Sacrifice in the same place, on the same hill, where the Bloody Sacrifice was offered by our Redeemer! This is truly a blessing that comes to but a fortunate few priests in their lifetime. It is beyond me to understand how this privilege was granted to me; but you may be sure, dear friends, that I remembered all of you and your special intentions, while saying Mass. And I shall continue to do the same when I celebrate at the other shrines in Jerusalem and Bethlehem.....After breakfast, Father Collins and I went to BETHLEHEM, the City of David. First we visited the monastery of the CARMELITES which is on a hill overlooking Bethlehem. The view was inspiring; and I can imagine that it was here the author of the Christmas carol stood as he looked over and saw the birth-place of the Saviour and then wrote his immortal

O little town of Bethlehem

How still we see thee lie!

Beneath thy deep and dreamless sleep

The silent stars go by.

Then we walked over to the City of David and down to the Grotto of the Manger where we knelt and prayed on the spot where the Infant Saviour was born. It is a little shelter, hewn out of the rock and undoubtedly was used to protect the animals against the cold which descends on Bethlehem at this time of the year. It is possible that there was snow on the ground on the night that Christ was born, because snow is not unknown in this part of Palestine during the winter months. Now a large basilica covers the cave of the Nativity; and since I am going over to Bethlehem tomorrow to stay a few days, I shall be able to say Mass at the manger.....On the trip from Jerusalem to Bethlehem (which one can walk in about an hour and three quarter's time) we passed RACHEL'S WELL. In all these places I have been gathering flowers for my little flower-book; so that I should have quite a precious collection from the Holy Land.....

SATURDAY JANUARY 18th I went into the country side, to visit the place of the VISITATION of the Blessed Virgin. You remember that shortly after the Angel announced the mystery of the Incarnation, the Virgin went to the mountains to visit her cousin, SAINT ELIZABETH. Well, today, I knelt at the shrine where Elizabeth greeted her cousin Mary, and where the MAGNIFICAT of the Blessed Mother of God was born. So Father Smith and I recited the MAGNIFICAT together on the same spot where the Virgin Mary first gave utterance to this stupendous song of praise and rejoicing. Then we went to the shrine which covers the place where JOHN THE BAPTIST was born. Here we recited the BENEDICTUS together, the canticle which Zachary sang when

John was circumcised. This shrine of the MAGNIFICAT is particularly dear to me because of the association of so many events in my religious life with the feast of the VISITATION: July 2nd. Thus I became a Dominican on July 2nd, was solemnly professed on July 2nd, and received my degree of S.T.M. on July 2nd..... After visiting the shrines, we stopped at a famous wood-carver's house where I arranged to have 12 figures of the crib-scene, made fashioned out of olive wood, made ready for shipment to America. This is the artist who does the figures for the shops at Bethlehem.....

SUNDAY JANUARY 19th I said Mass at the Church of the DORMITION. The word "dormition" means "sleep"; and the church is so called because it is built on the spot where the Blessed Virgin fell asleep in the Lord, after living several years here with Saint John the Apostle. It is only a few yards away from the place of the CENACLE which, as I mentioned before, is now in the hands of the Moslems. But please God, some day the place of the CENACLE will be in Christian hands and a shrine will be erected. Then the priest can say Mass on the spot where Christ supped for the last time with his disciples and where He instituted the BLESSED EUCHARIST.....In the afternoon, Father Collins and I went down to Bethlehem. Again we passed the TOMB OF RACHEL who married JACOB and was buried just outside Bethlehem. The martyrdom of the LITTLE INNOCENTS OF BETHLEHEM was foretold by the prophet when he spoke of Rachel weeping for her little ones and would not be consoled because they were dead.....

MONDAY JANUARY 20th I said Mass at the MANGER on the spot where our INFANT SAVIOUR was born. The Franciscans have the care of the Holy places here, and I am staying in Bethlehem a few days. There are two very precious places in the cave: one, where Christ was born; and a few feet away, where He was laid in the manger. During the Christmas services, a beautiful BAMBINO is placed, first, on the spot of the nativity; and then, after the Mass, at the place where the crib rested. Nearby is the grotto where ST. JEROME spent many years of his life, working on the Holy Scriptures. Also, not far distant, is the shrine of the HOLY INNOCENTS. There is another very sacred place about twenty minutes walk away, the mountain of the SHEPHERDS who were watching their flocks when Christ was born.....It is very cold in Bethlehem at this time of the year; and since the climate and the country are just about the same as they were in our Lord's time, it must have been wintry on the night that He was born, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in the manger....I have bought several postcards here and in Jerusalem. It may take two or three months before you receive them; but in due time they will be at your doors.....This is a perfect time to travel in the HOLY LAND because there are very few visitors and I can easily arrange to say Mass in the various shrines associated with the life of our Blessed Lord and his Virgin Mother.....

TUESDAY JANUARY 21 I said Mass in the GROTTA OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS. Above the altar is a mosaic which depicts the cruel death of the little ones and the anguish of their mothers. The grotto is located on the spot where the martyrdom of all the boys under two years of age took place. As you recall, King Herod was in fear of his throne when the Magi failed to return to tell him about the INFANT SAVIOUR who was born in Bethlehem. Trembling with anger, he resolved to have all the male children under two, in and around Bethlehem, put to the sword. But Joseph was warned of the danger in a dream and fled with the Holy Family into Egypt.....I forgot to mention that my first day in Jerusalem, I said Mass on the spot where Saint Stephen was martyred. Our convent was constructed in honor of Saint Stephen and on the sacred ground where he poured forth his blood for Christ. He was stoned to death by the Jews; and the young man who held the garments of those who did the nefarious deed, was none other than Saul, afterwards the great SAINT PAUL.....The roads and the countryside, the hills and the vales,

the skies and the stars, the pathways and the roads in and about BETHLEHEM are the same today as they were in the days when our Lord was born here.... In the evening I go down to the MANGER and say my prayers and make my meditation. After six o'clock, all the people are gone and there is no one about. I have the place of the crib all to myself; and it is so quiet that I can hear my own breathing. What a wonderful grace it is to be able to kneel in the cave of the Nativity and to reflect that, on this very spot the Redeemer of mankind was born into the world! Truly it is the experience of a lifetime. This is the high point in my journeying from land to land. From this spot on, I shall begin to retrace my steps until I am back again in America; and then I can tell you so much more about the Holy Land than is possible in DEAR DIARY.....As I write this, the Angelus is ringing over the hills of Bethlehem. It is telling the story of the Incarnation which took place here in the City of David. The hills are the very ones where David tended his sheep before he was called to be King of the Jews... The word "Bethlehem" means "city of bread"; and well it might be called that, because He, who was to be the BREAD OF LIFE, was born in it..... From the Holy Land I shall return to EGYPT next Friday. Many of you have wondered about my address, I'm sure. If you write to me at SAINT SAVIOUR'S UPPER DORSET STREET, DUBLIN, I shall receive your letters. If I'm not there they will be forwarded to me....We always picture the Blessed Virgin riding on a little donkey to Bethlehem. This is quite correct, because the same tiny animals are here still by the hundreds and are used as the common mode of travel. They are the meekest-looking beasts of burden that I've ever seen.....

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 22 I said Mass in the MILK GROTTOS. I had intended going to the SHEPHERDS' HILL, but the weather was bad and it was impossible to get across the fields. We can see the hill very plainly from the convent here: the spot where the angels sang their GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST and told the shepherds of the Birth of the Saviour. It is about a half hour's walk from the CAVE OF THE NATIVITY. But the MILK GROTTOS is a beautiful place too. The tradition is that while St. Joseph was preparing for the flight into Egypt, the Blessed Virgin hid in this grotto. One day, while she was feeding the Divine Child, a drop of milk from her breast fell on the stone floor of the grotto. The stone became white; and in time the grotto became a shrine for women who need milk for their infant children. As a matter of fact, women still come here in large numbers for cure of the special complaints to which they are subject; and this ~~special~~ ~~devotion~~ devotion to OUR LADY OF MILK is practised by the MOHAMMEDAN as well the Christian women. The grotto is not far from the cave in which Christ was born.....Today I am leaving Bethlehem, to return to Jerusalem. It has been a most enjoyable pilgrimage here. BETHLEHEM has a charm and a devotion that no place else in all Christendom possesses. Here RUTH gathered her sheaves of wheat. Here ISAI, the father of DAVID, lived and raised his flocks. David gave his son, CHAMAAM, a piece of land in Bethlehem on which, tradition says, the inn was built which Joseph tried for lodgings on Christmas Eve. Since there was no place, he took the Virgin to the cave at the end of town in which the Redeemer was born; and now to this cave, great and small, rich and poor alike, come to adore. The little perfumed lamps shine all around the GROTTOS OF THE MANGER; and as we kneel there, we cannot help but think of the millions of cribs, all over the world, in lonely homes and mission churches and vast cathedrals, that commemorate the coming of our Saviour on earth. It is a place of devotion and of thought which is too deep to be disturbed by the troubles that are afflicting Palestine at the moment. In the GROTTOS OF THE MANGER, the Infant speaks His Lesson of love to all mankind. The Wise Men were led to the spot by the guiding star; the shepherds were told to come by the angels.

From this sacred spot, the Christian religion takes its origin with the birth of the Son of God.....

THURSDAY JANUARY 23 I was back in Jerusalem and had the happiness of saying Mass in THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANI on the spot where our Lord suffered His terrible agony. It is a beautiful shrine, built over that part of the Garden in which Christ knelt while the disciples slept, a stone's throw away. Over the altar is a lovely painting which pictures, in most vivid colors, the scene of the Bloody Sweat. This part of the mountain still has very ancient olive trees in it which are thought to go back to the time of Christ. As the MOUNT OF OLIVES dips down, it forms the VALLEY OF JOSAPHAT in which, ~~xxxxxx~~ according to Christian tradition, the dead will be assembled for the final judgment. On our way back from MOUNT OLIVET, we visited the CHURCH OF STS. JOACHIM AND ANNE which is built on the site of their home. Here the Blessed Virgin was born. Here, not far from the Temple, she passed her girlhood.....

FRIDAY JANUARY 24th I said Mass at the Convent of the SISTERS OF SION. It is located on a spot of the VIA DOLOROSA or WAY OF THE CROSS where Christ began His journey to Mt. Calvary. The Sisters of Sion were founded by a famous convert Jew, PERE MARIE-RATISBONNE, and its goal is the conversion of the Jewish race. Close by the CONVENT OF SION is the LITHOSTRATOS or judgment seat where Christ was condemned to death; and a few feet away is the CONVENT OF THE FLAGELLATION where He was scourged, by order of Pilate. On our way back, we stopped to see the site of the POOL OF BETHSESA, where the man, infirm with the palsy for 38 years was cured by our Lord. We walked home on the outside of the city walls and had a magnificent view of THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, the BROOK CEDRON, and the VALLEY OF JOSAPHAT. Last night was one of the most beautiful evenings for observing the stars that I've been since coming to the Orient. This is the land of JOB, the prophet; and you remember how he challenged one of his tormentors by asking him: Was it you that tied together the stars of the PLEIADES; was it you that chained the stars of ORION; was it you that made the constellations rise at their appointed times? Are you the one who leads THE GREAT BEAR with her little ones? Last night, standing in the same part of the world where Job stood, I could look up and see the same PLEIADES, the same ORION, the same BIG BEAR that Job saw thousands of years ago.....After breakfast, I went up to the top of MOUNT OLIVET. This, is traditionally, the place from which our Lord ascended into heaven. There is a stone here with a footprint in it which marks the exact spot, according to common belief, on which Christ stood when He ascended. It is also the highest point around Jerusalem. The view of the Holy City and its four hills is wonderful; and 20 miles away, I could see THE DEAD SEA very plainly---the sea which covers SODOM and GOMORRAH. Off in another direction, is the ROAD TO JERICHO, and alongside it, little BETHANY where Lazarus, Martha and Mary lived.....

SATURDAY JANUARY 25th; the feast of the CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL, I said my final Mass at SAINT STEPHEN'S for the conversion of the Jews, as I promised this to the SISTERS OF SION; then, after mes adieux to all the fathers, I left on the train for LYDDA. Here I transferred to another train which took me as far as THE SUEZ CANAL. You all know that the Suez Canal was built by the French; to connect the RED SEA with the MEDITERRANEAN. It was heavily bombed and mined by the Germans during the war, but all is quiet there now. However, now that I am out of PALESTINE I can tell you that things are in a bad way there, politically. The big problem is the partition of the Holy Land. The Jewish terrorists are making trouble constantly; and there are bomb explosions regularly. I saw the debris of many of these explosions while I was in Palestine. The spirit of un-

rest and revolution is in the air, and this is the more to be deplored because it is centered in the HOLY LAND, so dear to all Christians because of its associations with the life of our Lord. The battle, of course, is between the Jews and the Arabs; with the English trying to keep some semblance of order. But what a job! I fear that there are many American politicians who do not understand the real nature of the problem in Palestine. One has to visit it and get acquainted with its thorny problems at first hand, before a sound policy can be worked out.....The trip from LYDDA to the SUEZ CANAL was marvellous, right across the desert, with the blue Mediterranean off in the distance, the camel caravans passing from village to village, the date trees outlined against the orange and blue sky. When I got to the Canal, I had to debark from the train, go across the ferr in a boat, and take another train. While on the ferry, I could get a clear vision of the stars, with Orion and the Dog Star and the Box of Pegasus and the Big Dipper most prominent. There was a luxurious dinner on the Suez-to-Cairo trip and I had a splendid meal. Brother Andrew was at the station to meet me and we arrived at the Convent at midnight. Meanwhile, the Big Dipper had swung upward in its flight and had brought with it Arcturus. Far off to the south were Canopus and, just visible on the horizon, THE SOUTHER CROSS!

SUNDAY JANUARY 26th I said Mass at the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, in Cairo; and after breakfast, came home to read my mail which was shipped on to me here from Dublin. I have stacks of letters to write now. Many of my Christmas cards have just come in. I know it's not anybody's fault because most of them were mailed in time. But delays are inevitable; and, of course, being way out here in the Orient, I couldn't expect to get my mail regularly. So I shall close again, with the injunction that you send my letters to DUBLIN, from which point they will be forwarded. It's a case of better late than never; and I would beg of you not to be too impatient if I don't answer at once. I have to grab trains and boats and airplanes AS THE OCCASION OFFERS. So bye-bye gentles for the nonce; and a big blessing on your heads!!!

As always

FATHER BOB  
FATHER ED



JANUARY 27th, 1947 Good morning, gentles! This is a bright sunny day in dear old CAIRO. I just read in the local French paper that things are happening again in Jerusalem. The terrorists have kidnapped a British officer and are holding him for ransom. It all happened just a few doors away from St. Stephen's where I was staying. There is a death sentence hanging over the head of one of the terrorists; and this kidnapping is probably by way of reprisal. Also, I read in the paper that there has been another bombing of the train from Palestine (the one that I took) and that 6 people were injured. Nice people, too, and probably innocent of any connivance in the present trouble. The Jews and the Arabs will be fighting it out for a long time..... Today it is very windy, and the sand and dust are blowing all over Cairo. It is so thick that one has trouble in seeing very far..... Today, I got what is euphemistically called A RILEY: which, being interpreted, means that I've had ALL MY HAIR shaved off. Yes, believe it or not, my head is as free of its encumbering hair as the day I was born. And does it feel grand, after all the dust and smoke and sand and dirt of dear old Egypt. Try it, ladies, if you want the zephyrs to come in contact with the scalp. I guarantee complete satisfaction or your money returned..... The orange groves are beautiful at this season of the year because the fruit is ripening. We have oranges here as large as grapefruit, and full of juice. And the cabbages of Egypt and Palestine are the largest I've ever seen..... Every day, while in the HOLY LAND, I offered the Holy Sacrifice for all my relatives and friends; and practically every day I managed to pluck a flower off the altar, as a souvenir of the sacred shrines where I was privileged to celebrate: the Manger, Holy Innocents, the Milk Grotto, all at Bethlehem; and Gethsemani, the Way of the Cross, Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Dormition and St. Stephen's, at Jerusalem..... I did not mention in my last edition of the diary, that I made the WAY OF THE CROSS while in Jerusalem. This sacred ceremony, which takes place every Friday at three o'clock, follows the same route as our dear Lord followed when He bore the cross to Calvary. It is conducted by the Franciscan Fathers..... The presence of the SPHINX here reminds me of the famous RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX which all of you have heard: what walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs in the evening? If you didn't know the answer when the Sphinx proposed it, he would gobble you up!..... While the oranges and dates here are delicious, the bananas are quite small and not to be compared with the bananas of South America..... When one stops at a restaurant, and asks for coffee, one is always confronted with the choice of TURKISH coffee or EGYPTIAN coffee. The former means coffee with milk or café au lait; the latter is thick and milkless..... One of our Irish Dominicans, Father Wilb. Ryan, is setting out by plane from Shannon today: he will study in Jerusalem but stop off here for a few days. Perhaps he will bring my Dublin mail. I hope so, at any rate.....

The week of JANUARY 27-FEBRUARY 3 passed very quietly in Cairo. Everybody, of course, is enjoying the glorious sunshine! We have clear skies every day and nights are perfect for the observation of the stars. My new-found friend, SIKHAR, is the second brightest star in the heavens. Too bad that you are not far enough south to see it, shining in its blue brilliancy..... We have just had a big celebration among the Arab Mussulmen: the birthday of MOHAMMED the prophet. And what a celebration! With dances by fakirs and dervishes, prayers and incantations, the reading of the KORAN, blazing lights, fireworks, and then the royal house of Egypt, to add prestige to the ceremonies..... Father Ryan, the young Irish Dominican, has arrived from Shannon. I've been going about Cairo with him a bit, and showing him the sights. Among other things, we visited the MUSEUM, which is one of the most precious collections of antiquities in the world. You remember reading years ago about good old KING TUT and all the treasures they found in his tomb. Well, all those things are now in the Royal Museum here, and thousands of other interesting things to

indicating what a superb culture the old Egyptians possessed. Some hold that Egypt's civilization was the most important and most influential, as well as the oldest, in the world. It is not hard to believe, after seeing the relics of their culture which are now sheltered in the Royal Museum here.....Three times a week I go down to the Sisters of St. Joseph to say Mass. On my way out of the Convent, I always stop and pick a few of the gorgeous geraniums and nasturiums that the sisters cultivate. The odor of the nasturiums is something "out of this world". You have no idea how sweet and delicate is their perfume until you smell the Egyptian variety. In a previous edition of Dear Diary, I mentioned Chio as noted for its geraniums. These flowers grew in abundance in ancient Egypt.....While in Bethlehem, I went one day to the hillside close to the GROTO OF THE MANGER and found a beautiful pine tree, covered with cones. This tree, from its position, could very well be seen by St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the Infant, from the inside of the Grotto or stable where they found shelter on Christmas night. So I climbed up and picked several of the freshest cones and have brought them with me. Next Christmas, we shall have some cones from the hill of dear little Bethlehem, to decorate our ~~xxx~~ Christmas tree.....The Egyptian flag is rather unusual. It has a green background, with a crescent moon ~~xx~~ in the middle. In the center of the moon are three stars. The crescent moon has long been a symbol of Mohammedanism. It replaced the CROSS when the religion of Mohammed came into power. Even today, in modern Egypt, the RED CROSS organizations do not use the cross but a RED CRESCENT instead.....I shall try to make my reports on Europe and Asia a little more brief. This will be an act of mercy towards my faithful and self-sacrificing secretaries in America EDDIE O'SULLIVAN in WASHINGTON, and Margdeleine Descary in MONTREAL who have the tremendous task of re-writing this copy and sending it out to friends. I hope, gentles, that you appreciate the work and time and enormous effort involved in such a transaction and that you express your thanks for the good work which they are doing.....I am now trying to get a ship from FORT SAID which will take me down the Mediterranean to Italy. My tentative plan is to debark at NAPLES and go on to Rome for a stay there. All this will depend on CLOCK AND GUNS.

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 4-10. Today is Monday, another beautiful warm and sunny day in old Cairo. The flowers are in full bloom, and I have a bouquet of geraniums, nasturiums, and phlox on my table..... The other evening, I got up around midnight, and went out IN MY PYJAMAS, to see the stars. There was a flood of moonlight covering the desert areas, and the palm trees stood out in clear outline against the horizon.....Egypt has a remarkable abundance of leather goods of all sorts. My bags were pretty well torn to shreds in the voyage overseas and elsewhere, so I have bought some new ones here, as well as a new portfolio, a new billfold, a couple small purses, and a letterfold. Some of these articles have Egyptian designs on them, and all of them are remarkably cheap.....Fr. Ryan, the young Irish Dominican, has gone on to Jerusalem. It's very unsettled there, and many of the English women and children have been evacuated.....The Arabs, though thriving here by the millions, are really foreigners to Egypt. As you know, both the Jews and the Arabs really belong to the race: SEMITIC. But they are at each other's throats now.....There is a remarkable group of BERTOLINIANS OF ST. DOMINIC here in Cairo. They are of several different nationalities, but mostly Syrians.....People speak four or five different languages out here in Cairo: Arab, French, German, English, Greek, etc. Of all linguists whom I have met, the DUTCH are the best. Holland is such a small country, and its inhabitants have to learn other tongues in order to carry on business, pursue their studies, and make their influence felt. Ireland is somewhat the same, a small country where Gaelic is widespread but where English is also necessary. I was surprised to find that Gaelic is used everywhere in Ireland nowadays. In fact, one can get no official position without it. All the signs on the streets, in the stores, on the busses and trams, are in both Gaelic



and English. All the train and plane announcements over the loudspeaker are also made in both languages. It reminds me a great deal of Montreal where French and English go hand in hand..... The horses in this part of the world are superb creatures, high-spirited and jaunty Arabian steeds. It's a pleasure to watch them prancing down the street, heads high, nostrils dilated, tails erect and dangling with the quick and decisive motion of their bodies.....I thought last week that I might take ship from Port Said. Now a better plan is in the offing. There is a big American boat, the SATURNIA, leaving Alexandria the 20th of February, for Naples. I have written to Alexandria for reservations. If you get out your maps, you will see that the route will lie straight down the Mediterranean and round the boot of Italy. I'll have about 1600 miles of water travel from the Delta of the Nile to the bay of Naples. Don't you envy me this voyage, over the blue waters of the Mediterranean?.....Last night I went up on the roof. Straight overhead were the Twins, Castor and Pollux. Behind them was the huge constellation LEO, and beyond that, VIRGO. I'm always glad to see VIRGO and its big star, SPICA, because it is the welcome harbinger of spring. It is interesting to note that the sun and moon pass us STRAIGHT OVERHEAD. In other words, when they are at the zenith, they are exactly in the middle of the heavens. This is due to our central location in Egypt, where we have a marvellous view of the heavenly bodies of both hemispheres. Of course, I must mention my good friend CANOPUS too, in the Argosy ship. What a pity that you star-gazers and star-lovers can't see this gorgeous jewel of the southern skies! No wonder the ancient Egyptians were so interested in astronomy.....Don't forget, gentlemen, that my mail will be forwarded to me from DUBLIN. That's my permanent address and will continue to remain such till further notice.....

CAIRO, EGYPT FEB. 11-19, 1947. I have my passage booked from Alexandria to Naples, so this will be my last report from Egypt. It is beautiful, sitting on our terrace on a sunny afternoon, looking out over the sand, watching the falcons as they circle about the blue dome of the heavens, winging their way over the white mosques that gleam in the sunlight. Falcons and crows are abundant in this part of the world. You remember that when Noah's ark finally came to rest, he opened the window and let out a crow. Then he released a dove. The dove came back because it had no place to rest; but the crow did not return because it could fly indefinitely. Here the crows and falcons glide on and on and on across the wide stretches of the sky and never seem to tire.....We have just celebrated the birthday of KING FAROUK. It was a general holiday..... We have flowers and trees in leaf all the year round here. Personally, I prefer to see the leaves fall and then be replaced with fresh fragile verdant young foliage. When leaves remain on a tree the year round, they get soiled and dusty and pinched-looking.....We are eight hours ahead of Chicago here, seven hours ahead of Washington, New York, and Montreal; so that when I go to bed at ten o'clock, it is only two p.m. in the mid-west U.S.A. and three in the east. The 11th we celebrated the feast of NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES. I hope to visit her shrine when I get to France.....The land here is filled with turtle doves. Have you ever noticed that they all travel in pairs?.....May 20th, (the day after Kate's birthday), there will be a total eclipse of the sun. The eclipse has nothing to do, incidentally, with Kate's birthday. It will be best observed in BRAZIL and all astronomers are converging towards that point. Have you seen two gorgeous morning planets, VENUS and JUPITER, lately? Have you been watching the course of SATURN as it moves in towards the TWINS in the evening? The other morning I went out on the terrace at 4 o'clock. The SWAN was just rising, between VEGA and ALTAIR. And far to the south was SCORPIO, with its gorgeous red star ANTARES, gleaming down on the earth and its sleeping inhabitants. On the 17th, we kept the feast of THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. This is the very land over which Joseph and Mary and the Divine Infant passed as they sought refuge in the land of the Pharos.....The other evening I gave a talk to the THOMISTIC GIRLS

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here in Cairo. The central topic was the comparative strength of the religion of the world. Of course, most of the Arabs here, as in Arabia, Palestine, China, and other parts of the world, are MOHAMMEDANS. To give you some idea of the tremendous strength of Mahomet's followers, just consider that there are over 300 million Mohammedans in the world, as compared with 400 million Catholics, and you see that, next to our faith, the Mohammedan is the strongest. What an apostolate awaits the missionary who will try to convert these fanatic people! Then there are the millions and millions of Hindus, Buddhists, Confucianists, Taoists, and Shintoists, who still know nothing about the religion of Christ. India and China alone, which make up nearly a third of the world's population, are pagan for the most part. We of the United States and Canada tend to forget that the total number of people in the world: Catholics of the world are only 400 millions as contrasted with the 2 billion, 170 million. In short, we are only one-fifth of the world's population. What about the other four-fifths? It's a tremendous thought; n'est-ce-pas?.....We had a taste of a SIROCCO or desert-wind the other day. The sky is filled with dust and sand so that one can see only a short distance.....The sweet-peas are at their best now. In French, they are called POIS DE SENTEUR and this is a better name because it indicates that they bear a sweet fragrance.....

WEEK FEBRUARY 20-22. Off to ALEXANDRIA with Fr. Macgrath, a Dominican from South Africa. The journey from Cairo was lovely, through pastoral scenes that reminded one of the Bible. Frère André was also with us..... We got to ALEX about noon and went to the Lazarist house where I was to stay until my boat left....In the afternoon, I went down to the magnificent harbor which is called "LA CORNICHE", with its gracefully curving wall that looks out over the blue Mediterranean. Then to the AMERICAN EXPORT to buy my ticket for Naples. After supper I went up on the roof of the convent to watch the stars coursing their way along the heavens....Alexandria was founded by ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in 331 before Christ. This is where St. Catherine lived and was martyred. She is the patroness of philosophers; and under the Roman Emperor Maximin was hailed before the court to defend her Christian faith. She did it so masterfully that all her accusers were confounded. She was well read in all the sciences of her day: rhetoric, astronomy, geometry, and philosophy. St. Catherine was put to torture on a wheel and is generally represented that way in art. Her martyrdom by the sword took place in 307.....On THURSDAY FEBRUARY 22 I went to dinner with the ANANATHI family, merchants with a thriving business in antiques, who have a brother a Dominican. They are Syrians, but their native tongue is Arabic. Their home is one of the nicest I've seen in the Orient...After dinner I went to tea at the home of Frère André, our Dominican lay-brother who was born and raised here in Alexandria. His grandpa was Dutch consul. Supper at the convent was interesting because of the mixture of nationalities. In the dining room there were eight of us: a Frenchman, a Syrian, an Italian, a Lebanese, an Armenian, an Egyptian, an Englishman, and an American.....SUNDAY FEBRUARY 23 I packed and got off to the boat. After all our adieux has been made, we sailed out of the harbor, past the famous PHARE, a lighthouse built in honor of one of the pharaohs in ancient times. From it, a ship can be seen a hundred miles away at sea.....The SATURNIA, which is the ship I'm on, is a huge vessel built by the Italians and taken over by the Americans during the war. It is a 30,000 tonner and rides like a super deluxe Lincoln. Soon we were headed out over the Mediterranean; and with the ending of the day there was a beautiful sunset, followed by a gorgeous galaxy of stars. There is an altar on the ship, so that I have the privilege of saying Mass every day...And so goodbye to Egypt where I spent many comfortable weeks in the warm sunshine while Europe was experiencing one of the worst winters in history....On TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, we sailed into Piraeus, which is the

port of ATHENS. We were able to get off the boat; and under the guidance of one of the efficient Thomas Cook men, we saw everything of interest in this historical old city: the ACROPOLIS, with its splendid old PARTHENON; the TEMPLE OF VICTORY; the THEATRE OF DIONYSOS; the AREOPAGUS. To explain these a little: the PARTHENON was begun about 450 years before Christ. It was dedicated to ATHENA, patroness of the city of Athens. The building was directed by the famous statesman, PERICLES, and some of the work was done by PHIDIAS, the sculptor. The word "parthenon" comes from the Greek "parthenos" which means "a maiden", and the temple was particularly sacred to the maidens of Athens, being dedicated to the maiden goddess ATHENA who is said to have sprung, fully clothed and armed, from the head of her father ZEUS or JUPITER. The TEMPLE OF VICTORY was also dedicated to Athena and is one of the lowliest of the relics of old Greece. The THEATRE OF DIONYSOS was where the dramas of the great Greek writers, EURIPIDES, SOPHOCLES, AESCHYLUS, and ARISTOPHANES were performed. Those of you who have gone to college have studied some of these plays, I'm sure. When I was at school, we did ANTIGONE. The AREOPAGUS is where the Greek Supreme Court had its meetings. It is so named because there was a temple dedicated to ARES or MARS on this spot. Here Saint Paul came to preach his famous sermon to the Areopagites, in the year 54, A.D. One of his listeners was DIONYSIUS or DEMIC who was converted and made bishop in France where he is still a national patron... From the "Acropolis" we went to the OLYMPIC STADIUM which is built on the same spot where it existed in ancient times. At the battle of the Plain of Marathon, in 490 before Christ, the Persian army, sent over by King Darius, was completely defeated by the Greek. All the people of Athens were gathered at Olympic Stadium, anxiously awaiting word of the battle. One of the Greek soldiers started from Marathon with the good tidings. He ran all the way to Athens, fully clothed in his armor, reached the Olympic Stadium, announced the good word of victory over the Persians, and then dropped dead from exhaustion. The term "marathon" comes from this famous feat of an unknown soldier..... The city of Athens stands in the middle of a triangular peninsula which is known as ATTICA. As I stood on top of the Acropolis and looked out over the surrounding hills and the city of Athens, the atmosphere was lighted up with a thousand sunset colors, even though it was midday. The landscape of Attica has a beauty found in no other part of the world. This is due, in the main, to the long chain of mountains that fade off into the distance, to the wonderful transparency of the air, to the changing hues of the skies. It is easy to understand how this place of exquisite natural charm, with its simple lines and its gorgeous colors, inspired the old Greek artists to create that blend of simplicity and grandeur which is known as Greek art..... On our way to Athens across the Mediterranean and into the Aegean Sea, we passed many islands well known in history and especially in the journeys of Saint Paul: on the right CYPRUS, on the left CRETE, then RHODES where the ancients built a huge statue that was one of the wonders of the world, then the CYCLADES where the young Greek, in the days of Pericles, learned the art of navigation..... Saint Paul was shipwrecked in this part of the Mediterranean. He has a most graphic account of it, written out for us by his disciple and companion in the ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. But whereas St. Paul was buffeted by wind and wave and buried in the depths of the sea, we were basking peacefully in the sun and dozing in our deck chairs as we rode along past these islands where storms are so fierce at times..... From ATHENS to NAPLES was a quiet and most enjoyable voyage. We went through the STRAITS OF MESSINA and saw the active volcano MOUNT AETNA. About midnight, we passed another and much smaller volcano, called STROMBOLI, which is a tiny island in the Tyrrhenian Sea. As I looked out of the porthole of the ship, Strombo was belching out fire and smoke; and straight above it, in the sky, was ORIO

the Hunter. What a picture these two giants of nature made--- the flaming dragon spitting out fire and lava from the bowels of the earth, and the Mighty Hunter hurtling his way through the uncharted spaces of the universe! It was a magnificent sight !..... The Straits of Messina separate Italy proper from Sicily, as you know. In ancient times, the sailors had difficulties in navigating these waters because of the whirlpools. One of the most famous of the whirlpools was called SCYLLA; another was known as CHARYBDIS. So a saying grew up among the ancients: OUT OF SCYLLA INTO CHARYBDIS which meant exactly the something as our modern saying: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.....About five in the morning of february 27th, we sailed into the BAY OF NAPLES. The skies were clear; and I got up early in order to see the sun rise. This is one of the loveliest bays in the world; and to see the sun come up, red and throbbing, casting its light over MOUNT VESUVIUS and the waters of the bay, was an experience I shall never forget....We went ashore, through the customs, and into Naples where we hired a car to take us to POMPEI, which is only a few mile away. The ruins of Pompei are among the most interesting I've ever seen. It was destroyed in the first century, as you recall from your reading of the LAST DAYS OF POMPEI, by Bulwer-Lytton. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius was so sudden and so terrific that people were suffocated and entombed before they had time to stop what they were doing at the moment. As a result, when excavations began in recent times, it was like finding a still picture of the life of Pompei at the time it was destroyed. This city was a place of extravagant vice; and all this is recorded in the ruins. It is located on the seaside, with the ISLE OF CAPRI close by, but directly under Vesuvius. At the beginning of the Christian Era, it had reached a new low level in luxury and degradation, being used by the wealthy Romans as a summer resort, where every form of sin could be practised without let or hindrance. Rome was bad enough in its day, God knows; but Pompei was the last word in wickedness, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Latin Empire. All this can still be seen today as excavations into the mountainous lava which covered the city are being made.....From Naples we took the express to Rome and made our way to the Convent of San Clemente where I am staying at the moment. All roads lead to Rome, so they say; and here I have finally arrived in the Holy City which is also the Eternal City, the home and centre of the Christian faith, enclosing the Vatican within its hills where the Father of the Faithful watches over his children spread throughout the world.....

WEEK OF MARCH 1-8, 1947. I have just finished Mass at San Clemente. The Church belongs to the Irish Dominicans and is really called the Church of SAINTS CLEMENT AND IGNATIUS. Clement was one of the earliest popes. He is mentioned by St. Paul; and was actually pope while some of the apostles were still living. That has always struck me as a most singular fact----- that Clement was head of the Church and successor of Saint Peter while the great Saint John was still alive.....I am resting in a delightful garden just outside our convent. As I look across the street, I see the walls of the COLISEUM where Saint Ignatius (the other patron of our Church) was taken to the lions. What spectacles were seen here---races, combats of gladiators, the feeding of the Christians to wild beasts! And all to satisfy the lust for blood which seemed to be an unquenchable thirst among many of the old Roman emperors and the rabble whom they encouraged.....Not far away the FORUM, where peoples from all over the ancient empire met and talked arranged their business affairs. Here too the old orators came to harangue the populace.....Off in the distance I can see SAINT PETER'S and the great DOME which Michelangelo built. It dominates everything. Alongside St. Peter is VATICAN CITY and the galleries with all the precious treasures of pain



sculpture, tapestry, and mosaic gathered from every part of the world. I spent a day revelling in these priceless halls which cannot be described properly, but have to be seen.....This is Rome in the springtime. All the fruit trees are in bloom--apples and peaches and apricots. The rains are soft and warm, the grass is fresh and green, and people are beginning to sit outside after the cold winds of winter. Rome and its seven hills and its lovely old churches. My favorite is SAINT MARY MAJORS, which is also known as OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS. It is built on a hill where the snow fell miraculously, one night in August as the tradition says.....My days are full, indeed. I have been to see the MASTER GENERAL of the Order at Santa Sabina. I have dined with the fathers at the ANGELICO which is our international college here in Rome. I have lunched with JACQUES MARITAIN, the French ambassador to the Vatican. I have had tea with his Excellency, JOHN WU, Chinese ambassador to the Vatican. I have been twice to the TEATRO ARGENTINA, once to hear Beethoven's PASTORAL, the other time to hear SCHUMANN'S Fourth Symphony. I have been to the ROYAL THEATRE to hear Wagner's MEISTERSINGERS. It is the most beautiful theatre in Rome, with a royal box that once was occupied by Humbert and Mussolini. I have been to dine at the ROCCAFIORA DELL' ORSO, the most charming little restaurant in Rome. I have watched the moon and the stars, shedding their mystic light over the sleeping city, filling it with enchantment. I have even sat for a portrait by a Roman artist. I have dodged in and out of coffee shops to have "cafee latte" and a "bomba" (doughnut). I have bought picture cards and sat around the fireplace at night to write them to friends back in America and Canada. I have stood in front of the masterpieces of Bernini and Rafael and Michelangelo and Giotto and the old Greek and Roman sculptors. I have seen the peace and quiet of the Vatican gardens. I have gathered cones from the pine trees near the Colosseum, for our Christmas tree next December. I have seen the giant aqueducts that brought water to ancient Rome, and the ruins of the Pantheon, and the beautiful bridge of Sant'Angelo over the yellow Tiber. I have met men of all nations, come here to Rome for its cultural and religious attractions. But all these things are really quite inadequate and unimportant when compared with my final experience, the very day of my departure, which was a SPECIAL AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER HIMSELF! It was arranged by some of our Dominican fathers who have influence at the Vatican. I had three of my books bound in lovely white silk, with the Facelli coat-of-arms stamped in gold on the outside; and several pairs of rosaries. Presenting my letter of audience (which was sent to me by a special carrier the day before) I went in through the BRONZE DOOR of the Vatican, past the SWISS GUARDS in their beautiful uniforms, through room after room, gilded and tapestried and hung with silks and gold ornaments, passed along by official after official, until finally I reached the room adjoining the Pope's private study where the chamberlain, having opened the door, beckoned me forward, I went in; and there, seated at his desk, with his white cassock and white zucchetto, a smile on his face, his dark eyes sparkling, his beautiful hands raised to bless me, was the Pope, PIUS XII. I made my three genuflections as I approached, and finally came to rest beside his chair, my arm touching his. I presented my books which he looked at and commented on. I held up the rosaries which he blest. And then we talked about many things. At the end, I asked him to bless all my dear ones, and he did, in a most special way. I asked him to bless all those who, at this moment, are reading DEAR DIARY. He included all in his paternal blessing. At the end, he blest a flower for my flower book, and then gave me one of his own rosaries which I shall treasure all my days. It is so great an honor to be ALL ALONE with the Pope and so unusual that I still wonder if it wasn't a dream! And so,

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with the precious souvenirs of this intimate visit with the Father of all the Faithful, I bade farewell to the Dominicans of San Clemente and to the Eternal City, took the TWA bus to the airport, and shortly after, was off for Ireland. The weather was so fine that we used the summer route: over SARDINIA and the TYRRHENIAN SEA, to MARSEILLES, and then up the RHONE VALLEY and over the SWISS ALPS to GENEVA. We flew at 17,500 feet which is more than 3 miles above sea level. At Geneva, we were welcomed by the authorities and allowed to go off the airfield to a beautiful little inn where we had tea, just as the sun was setting over the Alps. After a comfortable rest on land we were on our way again, hurtling along through the skies at a speed of 325 miles an hour. In less than an hour and a half, we were looking down on the lights of Paris. Here my travelling companion, Father Thomas McGlynn, the Dominican sculptor, left the plane. He has just returned from FATIMA, where he had long conversations with LUCY, one of the three children to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared. He has been commissioned to do a statue for the basilica at Fatima, as you may have read in the papers. From Paris to SHANNON was about three hours. It was a bit bumpy over the English Channel and we had to land by instruments, on account of the low ceiling. But all's well that lands well, as the pilots say. And now I am back in LIMERICK, where I shall be busy for a while catching up on correspondence and doing a bit of writing. Well, since leaving Limerick at the beginning of the year, I've covered a lot of ground---- ROME, Athens, Cairo, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, then back again to Cairo, Alexandria, Athens, Rome, Geneva, Paris, and Shannon. In spite of all the officialdom and red tape that I met with in some countries, in spite of having been done in the eye by the money-changers, I have managed to knock out a good time, to see the things that I wanted to see and to meet the people that I wanted to meet. By far, the nicest and kindest and most hospitable authorities that I've come in contact with (and this is the verdict of globe trotters like myself), are the SWISS and the IRISH. The best airport in the world, where people go all out to make you feel at home, is SHANNON. You have no idea of what a pain in the neck some countries are for the casual traveller until you start signing your life away in order to get into them. But little SWITZERLAND and little IRELAND get the gold medals from me. To be sure, these countries were neutral during the war and their governments are therefore more stable; whereas all the other countries I visited were involved. One can feel only the deepest pity and sympathy for the people who are now reaping the fruits of the awful experiment which Hitler and Mussolini and the warmongers tried on the world. I thought of all this as I talked with the Holy Father; and it is easy to see the lines of the suffering which he must have endured to see his children of all nations at each other's throats. But he is still strong and vigorous, despite his 72 years; and he may live to see the return of universal peace on earth. And so, gentles, I must get this into the mails. A hearty "top of the morning" to all of you; and the blessing on Saint Patrick whose feast we celebrate in a day or two, be upon you, your children and your children's children.

Father Bob,

Father Ed.

Dear Gentles:

It's been ages since I set myself to writing DEAR DIARY, but I've been so busy with books and bits of business of one sort or another that I have found time for nothing else. However, the books are now banished for a while; and the bits of business have all been settled. So now I turn once more to my beloved DIARY to give you a summing up of news before I leave for the continent.

Going back to ye ancient days of early March: it was a mad month in Ireland, full of big winds, with the vault of skies covered with black clouds that brought rain and sleet. For a while, it looked as though the farmers would not be able to get the seed in; but prayer and Providence cleared up the heavens; and the good yeomen and peasantry worked day and night, ploughing their fields beneath the stars, and casting the good seed into the soil when dawn came. Now it looks hopeful for good harvests in Autumn.

Speaking of the rain, Ireland has four seasons of it: the spring rains; those of summer, the additional rains of autumn and the rounding-off rains of winter. The sun cracks through once in a while, to warm the earth; but rain is the order of the day. As a result, Ireland is always green; and her flowers are the most beautiful in the world: with colors that are deeper than the deepest yellows and blues and reds; and with foliage that lasts for weeks and weeks. This springtide brought the most gorgeous daffodils and narcissus, snowdrops and bluebells, cowslips and tulips, primulas and forgetmenots, that I've ever seen..... ON MARCH 16, all clocks went ahead an hour, with the result that it is still twilight at ten in the evening.....MARCH 17 was celebrated in fitting fashion with bejabbers and begorrahs and praise to Saint Patrick on every lip. I went to a play in which we saw the Irish dances and heard the lilt of Irish songs. The shamrock was on sale at every street corner, freshly cut from the fertile fields of Erin's own soil. A year ago this day I celebrated with dinner at the QUEEN'S, in the Company of the Prevosts, and after a charming visit at the Hotel Dieu with good Sister Morrissey.....Revising my log, I see that the journey from Rome to Limerick has brought my total to 30,000 miles since the beginning of last year. When one speaks of Limerick, one thinks of the silly little ditties that are called by that name. They say that the limerick originated when the people of these parts were besieged by the Cromwellians. In order to get messages back and forth to their families, the Irish soldiers invented foolish little rhymes — but they were foolish only in the sense that they fooled the English; because they contained very often the most important kind of news. Nowadays, everybody and anybody can try their hand at the limerick — even so plain and poky a personage as YOURS TRULY. So here's a sample which you can taste or reject, as the mood moves you:

There was a wee lad from O-HI-O  
 When he grew up to be a big BYE-O  
 He saw China, Aurora,  
 And Ireland, Begorra!  
 And his name's FATHER BOB, ME-O-MY-O!

(Of course, below the Mason-Dixon line, in the Verdant Vales of the Shenandoah, in the Capital, and in certain areas of New Jersey, one uses "FATHER ED" instead of "FATHER BOB". End of footnote)



to get back to DEAR DIARY.

It's grand cycling along the country side these days. One day I wheeled out along the RIVER SHANNON, in the general direction of the birthplace of the COLEEN BAWN. As you may or may not know, the little lass, who married a whealthy landowner and was later drowned by him in the Shannon close by here, was a real historical person. I read the account of the trial and condemnation of her husband in the records of Limerick County. It was dramatized by Gerald Griffin. The title COLEEN BAWN means "THE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL"..... Perhaps you are wondering why I don't mention the stars. The fact is, I see them seldom or not at all. For, even on the nights when they do peep through, I can't get a position that gives me a view of the heavens. There are buildings all around my room; and the best I can do, is watch a little square of the heavens, into which LEO, THE LION, and his beautiful REGULUS, sometimes move. And a bit off to the right of LEO, I can see ALFARD --- but dimly. The word "ALFARD" means "lonely"; and he surely seems that --- stuck off in a corner of the skies where there are no other apparent stars.....If I climb up on a chair, I can look out and see the Hotel Glentworth which is next door. Although it's just a tiny little hostelry, it has housed big stars; because it's the only good hotel in Limerick which is the first town of importance you hit when you get off the ship at Shannon. So, when some of the big shots of the movies fly across, they put up for the night at the Glentworth --- Barry Fitzgerald, an old Abbey Theatre actor; Mikey Mouse; Pluto the Pup, and others.....Father Collins, a young Dominican here, is a grand organist. I often sit and listen to him weaving beautiful melodies from the choir loft. Two pieces in particular bring back fond memories: FINLANDA, which contains the alma mater air of Providence College; and DAILY DAILY, SING TO MARY, which is the cradle song with which my mother used to sing us to sleep, as children.....Peeking again out of the window but in a different direction, I can see a movie theatre across the street. The attraction showing at the moment is OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES, bringing Wisconsin and the land of cows and dairies right into Limerick.....

April arrived with a promise of clear weather. But a flu arrived with it. However, after some shots of penicillin, I got moving about once more. EASTER, April 6th, dawned clear and radiant, and that's the way it remained for two weeks afterwards --- clear sunny days, filled with warmth and the burgeoning of buds and baby daffodils --- "ten thousand saw I, at a glance, waving their heads in sprightly dance."

During Easter week, I went down to visit the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, to see their lacework which is reputedly the finest in the world. The girls put on a little show, a kind of hangover from the St. Patrick's Day Celebration.....There's a park just a block away; and hither I betake myself on a warm sunny afternoon, to say my Office and chat with the children. It's the only park in Limerick, and is kept beautifully .....Some have asked me about the general temperature in Ireland. Well, since I've been in this room, the thermometer reads 50. It's been that way for weeks and weeks. We have no fires, so, like the Chinese, we just "sew up" for the winter and let it go at that! Although everybody looks "blue with the cold", the strange thing is that people don't seem to

feel it much over here. You ask them how they are, and the reply, invariably, is : "Grand, just grand!".....

THUESDAY, APRIL 22, I went down to Cork by bus, to arrange some business affairs with the MERCIER PRESS. They want to bring out a European edition of the next book. While in Cork, I stayed with the Dominicans. It was a lovely trip down and back --- with egg-shell skies and the yellow gorse which makes Cork County famous. I had dinner with the owner of the MERCIER PRESS, and we chatted about men and books for hours. Then, too, I paid a visit to BLARNEY CASTLE, which is about 5 miles from Cork. It was a perfect day, with blue skies, the trees and bushes dripping with dew, the flowers in bloom, and the meadows smiling in the sunlight. I climbed to the top of the Castle, and the view for miles about was magnificent. Then down I bent and kissed the BLARNEY STONE. It's at the very top of the castle; and before bars were put up for protection, it was a risky undertaking. Many tumbled off and broke their necks --- the last death occurring the year of the Eucharistic Congress. The site of the present castle was occupied by another, centuries ago, belonging to DERMOT MCCARTHY! Cork, in fact, is the land of the McCarthys; just as Limerick is the land of the O'BRIENS. There are many legends as to how the STONE got its wondrous powers --- the golden tongue which could influence man and woman alike, as it pleased. But the best of all the stories is that CORMAC MCCARTHY helped ROBERT BRUCE at Bannockburn; and in return, Bruce sent him an old piece of stone from the famous STONE OF SCONE (on which the Kings of England have been crowned for centuries). McCarthy added this bit of masonry to his castle; and there it stands today, worn with many kissings, and firing the imagination with poetry at the same time that it loosens the tongue till it drips with silvery eloquence!!! It's smacker; and that many people have to be held by the legs before they can kiss the lip-worn stone. The Cork harbor is now called by its old ancient name of COBH (pronounced to rhyme with stove), instead of Queenstown.....While at the House of Studies at Cork, I gave the novices a talk. Whether they enjoyed it or not, I don't know; but I surely did!!.....CORK also boasts of one of the best known fair coleens of all time: THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME. It was composed---the song---by a soldier who left his sweetheart in this little city; and it ranks with IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY, as one of the most famous marching songs of all time.

So April rolls along till we reach the last day which is always celebrated by the children with a BONE FIRE. I suppose that in ancient times, the people gathered together all the bones that had accumulated in the backyards and burnt them. Anyhow, the kiddies go around for days before the 30th, each with a little tin, and crying: "please give a penny for the bonfire".....At the moment, I am reading the most fascinating book I've seen in Ireland. It's Shane Leslie's THE IRISH TANGLE. If you haven't got this in your libraries, you old SINN FEINERS and BLACK-AND-TANNERS, get it at once. Shane, as you know, is first cousin to Winston Churchill. Their mothers were sisters --- and AMERICANS! Shane is a convert to the faith and was born and raised and still lives in Ireland....

At this point, gentles dear, we tear the leaf off the calendar and come to the May, month of Our Mother. Now the magnolias are beginning to bloom; and the Irish bluebells and buttercups cover the hills. MONDAY MAY 5 I took a ride with friends out into the country. On our right were

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the TIPPERARY that shielded the bones of my ancestors on the Brandon side. We rode to LOUGH DERG which means RED LAKE. It rivals Killarney in its beauty and picturesqueness; and as we were favored by a lovely red sunset, the lake really looked crimson and rose in the twilight. On our way, we passed through KILLALOE, should any of your forebears come from that spot. THURSDAY, May 8, was also red, by virtue of the celebration which we staged to commemorate the finishing of the manuscript. I had dinner with the organist, Father Collins, and an American girl of Irish extraction who is a stewardess on an airline. Her boyfriend is a pilot, just converted, and they are to be married soon in dear old Philadelphia. At the end of the dinner, I delivered the manuscript into her hands; and at this very instant, it is probably flying over the Atlantic, to be placed into the hands of the Provincial who will transmit it on to the publishers.....So small is the world!!.....

This brings me up to date — except to say that I have been trying to get passage to Lisbon. It would appear that I shant be back in the States before August, and that I may return the way I came by Canada. However, I make no promises one way or the other, since tickets and reservations and the such like are at a premium during the summer months. But all will be well that ends well —so say a wee one that my mission to Fatima, Lourdes, and all the other places I want to visit, will be successful. I may even knock off and spend a few days on the Riviera, who knows? Meanwhile, best of blessings on all your heads.

As always,

Fr. Ed.

Fr. Bob.